LOOKING FORWARD

REGULAR READERS of this journal need no explanation of its whys and wherefores, as the fullness of our letter-files attest. In fact, the definite direction of our editorial course is clearly pointed for any regular observer who cares to read the letters both of condemnation and of praise, which we receive and print. Naturally, since disagreement is more interesting, as a rule, than agreement, we are in the habit of printing more letters of condemnation than of praise. But so far as understanding the editorial course of the OUTLOOK is concerned, the net result is much the same.

WHERE THE thousands of our new friends are concerned, however, it may not be amiss to set forth once more what the OUTLOOK endeavors to do for its readers, and the reason why it believes in the value of its task.

PRIMARILY, of course, this new magazine is designed to carry on, in this day and age, the original intent of its first liberal editors in the Seventies and Eighties. It is designed to search out the true inwardness of what is going on in the world, and to set forth its findings without fear or favor. It is designed to give to this new generation what its younger members call the low-down on politics and business—including literature and sports and a decent recognition of the arts and sciences.

RECOGNIZING the value of time in the present day, and the pleasure afforded by readability, it aims to do this in a brief and, we hope, spirited condensation which both reports and interprets as soon as possible, and in the end completely, everything the educated man or woman wants to know. If it were necessary to give the journal a new title, we should be inclined to call it, "Behind the News."

IT IS NOW well over a hundred years since Thomas Jefferson first voiced the necessity in a democracy of independent public journals. Few people during the events of the last dozen years would wish to deny that this necessity, great as it was in the heyday of the Federalist Party, has in any way dwindled with the years. Instead, it is clear that the need for independent journals in America has increased in exact proportion to the growth of the country, until at the present moment the necessity is greater than at any time of our history. To help meet this need is the job of the OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT.

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY.

OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOLUME 157
NUMBER 8

February 25, 1931

Looking Forward 281
Frontispiece: A cartoon by *Robert James Malone* 282

THE TREND OF EVENTS 283

Editorial
Cashing the Bonus 290

Backstage in Washington ..... *A. F. C.* 291

ARTICLES
The Bad Boy of the Marines ..... *Ray T. Tucker* 292
An American Workman in Russia ..... *Lement Harris* 295
George Washington Picture Mills ..... *Harry Lorin Binsse* 298
Color in Our Foreign News ..... *Carleton Beals* 300
Racing Bobs ..... *George Trevor* 303
Battling for the Workers ..... *William O. Scroggs* 305
The Stream of Business ..... *Frank A. Fall* 306

THE LEISURE ARTS
Speaking of Books 307
In American ..... *Frances Lamont Robbins* 307
The Week's Reading ..... *R. D. Townsend* and *Frances Lamont Robbins* 308
Behind the Blurbs ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 309
Religion's Voice ..... *Edmund B. Chaffee* 310
The Theatre ..... *Otis Chatfield-Taylor* 311
The Movies ..... *Creighton Peet* 312
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ..... *W. R. Brooks* 313
Prose and Worse ..... *Walter R. Brooks* 314
Gramophonia ..... *O. C.-T.* 314
From the Life ..... *Ibby Hall* 315
With Our Readers 320

Next Week in the Outlook

Albert IV—of Maryland, By Frederick R. Barkley.

A portrait of the perennial Governor Ritchie, who aspires to the Democratic nomination.

Adam and Eve in Germany, By William R. Powell.

The story of a visit to some of the Nude Cult clubs still popular around Berlin.

The Old Army Game in Spain, By T. R. Ybarra.

Some striking facts about politics in Spain, where King Alfonso is struggling to save his throne.

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, February 25, 1931. Volume 157, Number 8. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Ed.-Pub. Pres. Francis Rufus Bellamy; Vice-Pres. Marshall Kernochan. Harrison B. Freeman; Treas. Rodman Gilder; Sec'y William T. Adee. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union $6.56. Entered as second-class matter July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1931, by the Outlook Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COURSE OF A WELL-KNOWN CLERIC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUTLOOK
and Independent

February 25, 1931

The Trend of Events

Reviewing the Bishop

ONLY unusually long-winded and persistent readers can have avoided confusion over Bishop James Cannon's lengthy record on the witness stand. Hence the following summary, made in the interest of clarity.

In May, 1930, Bishop Cannon was tried before the quadrennial general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on charges involving his political activities in 1928 and his bout with the stock market. He was exonerated.

Immediately thereafter he appeared before the Senate lobby-investigating committee, but refused to answer questions pertaining to his political activities in 1928, maintaining that the committee had no authority to ask him such questions. Inconsistently and cravenly, the committee headed by Senator Caraway of Arkansas agreed with him, though it had previously interpreted its authority very broadly indeed.

Early this month he defended himself before a committee of Methodist clergymen meeting in Washington, answering charges filed against him by four elders of his church last September. The nature of these charges has never been entirely clear, but, at any rate, Bishop Cannon was again exonerated.

Four days later he appeared before the Senate committee investigating campaign funds, which is authorized to investigate allegations regarding false statements of campaign expenditures or diversion to private use of funds contributed for political use. Testimony taken thus far has purported to show that one contribution to the Bishop's Anti-Smith Democrats of 1928 found its way into his personal bank account.

This, then, is the Bishop's complete witness-stand record up to the time of this writing, though we do not guarantee —and who can blame us?—that the Bishop will not be haled before some other investigating body by the time this appears in print.

Now go on with the story.

O'Neill's New Play

RICHARD WAGNER had courage to ask his audiences to come four evenings in succession to hear *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. To see *Back to Methuselah*, George Bernard Shaw at first asked his audiences to come five evenings. Though Eugene O'Neill does not go so far, he has written a play which will require three evenings for complete performance.

Probably no modern playwright except O'Neill or Shaw would venture to write a three-evening play. Aside from O'Neill, no modern playwright, not even Shaw, could hope to see such a tryptych performed with financial success. But O'Neill has reason to hope, since his nine-act play, *Strange Interlude*, which summoned audiences at five in the evening, permitted them a dinner intermission, and released them after eleven o'clock, ran for more than a year in New York and met with phenomenal success throughout the country.

Neither the title nor the subject of the new play is known. The New York Theatre Guild, which will produce it next season, is undecided whether it will be presented on successive nights or in cycles. It may occupy one theatre or three simultaneously, may have one or three casts of actors. All that is known of the new work is that it is in reality three plays, each an entity telling a separate story but related to the other two. O'Neill has said that the project is by far the most difficult and ambitious he has ever undertaken and that it will develop to the fullest the technique he has used in other works. If so, the three evenings will probably be three red-letter evenings.

Federal Deficit

WHEN PRESIDENT HOOVER submitted his budget to Congress last December he predicted that the fiscal year 1930-31 (ending this June 30) would bring a deficit of 180 million dollars. The prophecy came as a shock to many who recalled that in December, 1929, Mr. Hoover had predicted that the fiscal year 1930-31 would end with a surplus —specifically, a surplus of 123 million dollars. Yet it struck us in another fashion. We believed that Mr. Hoover would have to face a deficit larger than the one he anticipated, and said so in our issue of December 17, adding that "Mr. Hoover has been high-handed, over-optimistic and politically-minded in use of figures."

At that time we were convinced that our view would be substantiated on June 30. Unexpectedly, it was substantiated before June 30. On January 28, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon declared that, even without any extra payment to the war veterans, "we will close the year with a deficit, which, based on present indications, will not be less than $375,000,000." Two weeks later he opposed a bill which would double the loan value of the veterans' service certificates. "We are confronted," he said, "with a probable deficit of not less than half a billion dollars for this fiscal year." To be sure Mr. Mellon has been as pessimistic in the heyday of prosperity as Mr. Hoover appeared optimistic in the heyday of depression. We do not know what the deficit will be. It may be less than Mr. Mellon has predicted. On the other hand, it certainly will be more than Mr. Hoover has predicted.

Lincoln as Bolter

THE inevitable Lincoln birthday orations found three prominent Republi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cans venturing upon the same shaky ground. Speaking in Washington, Louisville and Nashville, respectively, President Hoover, Secretary of Agriculture Hyde and Executive Director Lucas of the Republican National Committee each found occasion to glorify Lincoln as a regular party man. While Mr. Hoover was commending Lincoln as one who led in founding the Republican party, Mr. Hyde spoke of him as a party man who thought of blocs and cliques as "anarchy and despotism." Mr. Lucas called him a Republican regular who believed in "party organization, party discipline and party responsibility." Naturally the three speeches were viewed as an effort to discourage Republican wets from bolting should their party continue dry through 1932. Yet, as a matter of fact, the three speakers raised, rather than answered, the question of Lincoln's party regularity.

Whatever Lincoln's early political status ("My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the country," he said in seeking his first office without benefit of party), he soon became a Whig and an active one. He was elected to the Illinois Legislature four times as a Whig, served in Congress from 1847 to 1849 as a Whig, led the Whig boom for Zachary Taylor in 1848, and was a Whig elector in the presidential election of 1852. Yet in 1856 he won the Republican nomination for Vice-President, a stepping stone to the debates with Douglas in 1858 and to the White House in 1861. Did Lincoln bolt the Whig party?

The question is interestingly answered in the newly published *Lincoln the Politician,* by Don C. Seitz. Those, of course, were the twilight days of the Whig party as a national organization. However, on November 27, 1854, Lincoln wrote one letter asking a member of the Illinois Legislature to help elect him to the United States Senate as a Whig, and another letter showing that he was not averse to joining the Republicans if they would accept his position. The next year we find Lincoln writing: "You inquire how I stand. This is a disputed point. I think I am a Whig, but others say there are no Whigs, and that I am an Abolitionist." In February, 1856, Lincoln was attending a Whig convention, declining to encourage a plan to run him for governor, and suggesting that the nomination of Colonel Bissell would "give us victory." Within three months he was attending a Republican convention, wavering as to whether he would join the new party, finally joining. Theretofore Lincoln was a Whig. Thereafter he was a Republican. The change may have been influenced by the decline of the Whig party just as that decline may have been furthered by Lincoln's change. Yet Lincoln bolted just the same—because he held that an issue was greater than a party.

▶▶*Lincoln Day Speech*

LIKE many another man before him, Mr. Hoover in his Lincoln Day address sought to say a good word for the political philosophy now identified with Governor Ritchie of Maryland. And, like many another man before him, he

Keystone

DITCHED DICTATOR
General Damaso Berenguer loses office as Premier of Spain

failed to say it effectively. It was the prohibition issue which cramped his style, as it has cramped the style of so many others. It is simply impossible for a prohibitionist to make himself an impressive champion of state and individual rights and responsibilities. Prohibition and the Ritchie philosophy cannot be made to jibe.

Mr. Hoover attempted to use the state rights-individual liberty theory to support his position on drought and unemployment relief. So doing, he quite destroyed his position on federal prohibition. He does not seem to realize how severe an indictment of prohibition his own statements constitute.

"I am convinced," he said, "that, where federal action is essential, then in most cases it should limit its responsibilities to supplement the states and local communities, and that it should not assume the major rôle or the entire responsibility in replacement of the state or local government." Isn't this tantamount to saying that the federal government should assist the dry states to be dry while permitting the wet states to be wet?

"The moment responsibilities of any community, particularly in economic and social questions, are shifted from any part of the nation to Washington," he said, "then that community has subjected itself to a remote bureaucracy with its minimum of understanding and of sympathy." It is a familiar statement, but a strange one to come from a dry.

"Under federal control," said Mr. Hoover, "the varied conditions of life in our country are forced into standard molds, with all their limitations upon life, either of the individual or the community. Where people divest themselves of local government responsibilities they at once lay the foundation for the destruction of their liberties." Try from now till doomsday and you cannot square this statement with Mr. Hoover's championship of prohibition. There are no two ways about it—Mr. Hoover must either renounce prohibition or renounce the state rights-individual liberty theory of government.

▶▶*Alfonso's Predicament*

KING ALFONSO of Spain may yet find his throne the price he must pay for the two dictatorships with which he has ruled his country since 1923. Revolutionary attempts to set up a Spanish republic last December showed that the dictatorship of Premier Berenguer, which was promised as a step back to constitutional government, was no more popular than the dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera, which ended constitutional government in 1923. When the rebellions had been put down, Alfonso, with a promise of elections in March, sought to mollify discontent in preference to stamping it out with an army which he feared to trust. The difficulty of his course became apparent in January when the elections were boycotted by all political parties save that of the extreme monarchists. Yet in a formal decree on February 8 King Alfonso proceeded to call the elections, though he offered some inducements to persuade Socialists and moderates to enter candidates.

Five days later Spain was pitched into a crisis more dangerous than any other Alfonso has faced in his twenty-nine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years on the throne. Liberal and monarchist leaders announced that they would participate in the elections but that when the new Cortes, or Parliament, was convoked they would withdraw and demand the immediate election of a constitutional convention. Within twenty-four hours Premier Berenguer resigned, Alfonso signed a decree suspending the elections and, at his request, political leaders rushed to the royal palace. Advised that his army could not and would not support another dictatorship, the King found himself backed to the wall. After two more days of conferences he took a daring step, asking that a new cabinet be formed by Jose Antonio Sanchez Guerra, leader of the unsuccessful revolution of 1929 and of the present movement for a constitutional convention to determine whether Spain shall remain a monarchy or whether she shall become a republic.

Señor Guerra set about forming his cabinet on the understanding that it was to convoke a constitutional convention to determine the future of Spain. Señor Guerra, however, has failed and at this writing King Alfonso has sought to fall back upon monarchist support. But it is still uncertain whether the King will manage to retain some measure of his former power or whether he will be unable to prevent the ultimate loss of the throne itself.

▶▶*The Macneil Sextant*

WHEN Landsman-architect-inventor Paul Humphrey Macneil told Seaman-captain-navigator S. G. S. McNeil of the Mauretania that he had invented a sextant which would find the sun's disk and, as navigators say, "bring it down" on the thickest, cloudiest day when the sun might as well be north as south as far as finding it goes, the seaman merely smiled at the landlubber. But when the landlubber did exactly that, the seaman's smile disappeared. Captain McNeil now believes inventor Macneil's "all-weather" sextant is really "a wonderful invention"—which it is. He says it "will revolutionize navigation"—which it undoubtedly will, at least in cloudy weather. There comes many a spell when the navigator cannot precisely determine his latitude for days on end because he cannot even see the sun. What is it, then, that inventor Macneil has done to pierce the clouds?

No mysterious ray affords the new Macneil sextant its magic quality, but simply the sun's invisible heat. Our eyes make us aware of only about one-twelfth of the long gamut of wave-lengths of ether waves which reach the earth from the sun—the shortest ones. But virtually all of the waves of this gamut of lengths function as heat waves. It is man's hard luck that clouds are poorly transparent to the very same twelfth part of the gamut which our eyes can sense, while some of the longer waves of the sun make their way through them much more easily. What Mr. Macneil appears to have done is to apply to the common seaman's sextant a highly sensitive apparatus, long known to the physicist as a thermo-electric couple,

Underwood

FROM LA FOLLETTE-LAND

Senator John J. Blaine of Wisconsin, conducting inquiry into post-office leases

which converts heat waves into feeble electric currents. By amplifying these currents some 250,000 times with a radio amplifier, he is easily able to detect the sun's position—and precisely, at that—on the gloomiest day.

You can sometimes teach an old sea dog new tricks. Macneil has taught McNeil one.

▶▶*Unexciting Scandal*

IN A HEARING before the Senate committee investigating postoffice leases Chairman Blaine asked John H. Bartlett, former Assistant Postmaster General, whether he would be surprised to learn that contributions to the Republican party from interests favored by post-office leases totaled $1,250,000 in the campaigns of 1924 and 1928. "Senator," Mr. Bartlett replied, "so many things have happened that I wouldn't want to say that anything would surprise me."

The reply succinctly summarized the public's reactions to what has been called our new postal scandal. So many government scandals have been uncovered in the past ten years, so flagrant has become the practice of contributing to a party's campaign chest to pay for favors from that party (oil lands, higher tariff schedules or what not) that the charges and revelations in Senator Blaine's inquiry rarely make the front pages.

Few people were excited when Senator Blaine declared that his committee had the names of individuals heavily interested in postoffice leases who had contributed more than $1,250,000 to the Republican party. Not that the rank and file of newspaper readers were necessarily satisfied with the reply of Postmaster General Brown that "postoffice lessors, numbering many thousands in the aggregate, have contributed to the Republican National Campaign funds from 1924 to the present time the insignificant sum of $500." They simply were not interested, not even when the committee found that under Postmaster General New the postoffice building in St. Paul leased for $120,000 a year (under a non-cancelable lease for twenty years), though the property was assessed at only $334,000 and valued by a grand jury at $290,000; not even when Mr. Bartlett testified that the lessor of the St. Paul building had as his attorney the late Secretary of War Good, who was western campaign manager for Mr. Hoover.

Nor has the public been indifferent in this case alone. Time after time, in national, state and local politics, the voters have demonstrated that they are left unmoved by rumors or even by complete proof of political graft. Apparently they have come to accept graft as inevitable. It is this disheartening public attitude which makes the work of investigating committees, however brilliant, so frequently futile.

▶▶*Music and Death*

THE *Etude Music Magazine* has put the following question to a number of outstanding men and women: "If you were assured by your physician that you had only twenty-four more hours to live and you were given the opportunity to hear just one piece of music, what would you select?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The answers have ranged from hymns to opera, from symphonies to patriotic marches, from "Ave Maria" to "Old Man River." Alfred E. Smith chooses "Holy Lord, We Praise Thy Name;" John Philip Sousa, "The Stars and Stripes Forever;" Rudy Vallee, "Scheherezade;" William Lyon Phelps, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony." Gene Tunney, Ossip Gabrilowitsch and Josef Hofmann choose the Funeral March from *Götterdämmerung*. E. W. Howe, the Kansas editor, would prefer not to hear any music at all.

The catch in the question, as in all such questions on that ever-interesting subject of the last hours of life, is that hardly a man alive, told by a physician that he had but twenty-four hours to live, would believe it. Physicians, fortunately for life-loving humanity, have often predicted wrong. But, supposing a physician had told us this, we would join unhesitatingly the group which votes for the *Götterdämmerung* Funeral March. Only, we would want to see the last act of the opera performed as well as to hear the music. We can imagine nothing which would help us face death with truer perspective.

Here we sit as the curtain rises on the last act. Along comes Siegfried, bouncing, lucky, pig-headed Siegfried —"the glorified Boy Scout," Ernest Newman calls him. The Rhine Maidens rise up from the water to warn him that he is doomed. He pooh-poohs them. Looking at the comely, admonitory Maidens, he reflects that were he not a married man he'd catch one of them for himself. Then the huntsmen enter and, after a horn or two of wine, Siegfried feels like showing off a bit. "If 'twill amuse, I'll sing of the daring deeds that I did in boyhood." He sings. He is prolix and expansive, self-satisfied, human. Before he has finished, one of his companions stabs him in the back and soon he is dead.

Thereupon the music changes. As Siegfried's body, on a shield, flooded with moonlight, is borne away, we live through the sublime, exultant moments of the funeral march. We learn that the mystery of death transcends even the mystery of life. We believe what, if we must die, it is of supreme importance to believe—that death ennobles.

▸▸*Fascism, Reparations—*

Two questions took definite shape last September when the German elections gave Adolf Hitler's Fascists six million votes and 107 seats, one fifth of all, in the Reichstag. While Germans wondered what the Fascists would do in the Reichstag, foreign capitals wondered what Germany would do about reparations payments under the Young plan, which had been in operation but a few months. The two questions were interlocked, since the triumph of the Fascists had given weight to their popular demand for repudiation of the Young plan. All proposals that Germany stop paying reparations (as the Young plan permits her to do temporarily in an economic crisis) gained particular force

Keystone

GERMANY'S FOREIGN MINISTER
Dr. Julius Curtius, whose reparations policy wins in the Reichstag

because of the German business depression and were closely studied in the United States, where the collection of debts from our war associates depends in fact, if not in theory, on their collection of reparations from Germany.

While the autumn session of the Reichstag did not provide a definite answer to either of the two questions raised by the Fascist victory, the second week of February brought them both to the fore. On February 10 the Fascists walked out of the Reichstag—closely followed by the small group of Nationalists—in answer to government plans to reform the Reichstag's rules and curtail obstructionism. Their futile, theatrical exit was final evidence that, for the time being at least, they are incapable of doing anything in the Reichstag of any great consequence. Thus, one of the two questions was settled.

▸▸*—And War Guilt*

Two days after the exit of the Fascists, the Reichstag, by a vote of 314 to 58, defeated a measure to stop all reparations payments at once without regard to the Young plan. By a slightly smaller majority it also voted down a proposal that Germany immediately invoke the Young plan's provision for suspension of payments. Thereupon, almost unanimously, it approved resolutions proclaiming the need for early revision of the Young plan and demanding the appointment of an impartial international commission to study the origins of the World War.

The votes against the cessation of reparation payments coincided with the policy of Chancellor Bruening and Foreign Minister Curtius, who are determined that Germany will neither suspend payments nor move for a reconsideration of the Young plan until the moment is propitious and her own financial house in order. Nor is there any conflict between their policy and the Reichstag's resolution for revision of the Young plan, since it was passed on the proviso that the government itself was to decide when the time was ripe for reopening the question.

Though the resolution for a commission to settle the question of war guilt has been characterized as a political gesture, it strikes at the heart of all reparations settlements. When the Allied powers wrote into the Versailles treaty a clause placing sole responsibility for the war upon Germany they established, as they saw it, ethical justification for their reparations claims. The Germans accepted this clause under compulsion, held that it was a lie, and have since been substantiated by the researches of many historians. Yet their pleas for an investigation into war guilt are entirely futile. The Allied powers may make some revision of the Young plan whenever Germany demands it forcibly enough, but there is small chance that they will erase the lie upon which German payments are based.

▸▸*The Pope's Address*

Most American newspaper editors were apparently less interested in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world-wide radio address delivered by Pope Pius XI at the opening of the Vatican City's new radio station than in the magic of the radio which made the address possible. Reading their editorials, one would never guess that the address contains one statement to which, mentally, nine out of ten of them take decided exception—namely, that subjects "should obey their superiors, not as toward men but as toward God, knowing that he who resists legitimate authority resists the dispositions of God and that he who in this way resists prepares damnation for himself." The effect of this doctrine, literally interpreted, would be to encourage oppression and to discourage liberty and progress, whose history is very largely the history of resistance to legitimate authority. It is fortunate for the world that subjects do not tend to be oversubmissive, even Catholic subjects, as the recent revolutions in Latin-America indicate.

All this is obvious. In fact, since there was little in the papal address on which to hang fresh editorial opinion, the failure of so many editorial columns to comment directly upon it would not have been noticed had it not been for their previous failure to comment upon the recent papal encyclical on marriage. Together, the omissions are striking.

We take it that there are two plain reasons for the disposition of editors to lose themselves in admiration for the radio and neglect to criticize sections of the papal address with which they disagree. The first is that the broadcasting system set up on February 12—the largest ever, reaching probably the largest number of listeners ever—was genuinely impressive. The second is that many editors wished to avoid making unfavorable criticisms lest they antagonize Catholic readers. We do not share the opinion that American Catholics as a whole resent the questioning of any papal utterance and retaliate against the questioners, but it is true that many of them are sensitive, partly because of the bitterly unfair attacks to which their faith has been subjected, notably in 1928.

However, now that the Pope is no longer a prisoner in the Vatican, now that he has a powerful radio station built by Marconi and uses it for world-wide addresses, further avoidance of editorial comment on his statements becomes out of the question. The Pope, with all his influence, has, in effect, entered modern life, as one of its most outstanding figures. So doing, he has inevitably entered many modern debates and controversies. It is therefore not only the right but the duty of editors to deal with his views as with those of any other religious leader, respectfully, but candidly, in the light of their own opinions. Despite widespread fears to the contrary, most Catholics will be quick to realize that this position is just.

▸▸*Up to the Red Cross Now*

By the terms of the compromise measure passed by Congress and signed by the President on February 14, $20,000,000 becomes available for farm rehabilitation in the drought areas of twenty states. A part of this sum—just how large a part is not clear—will be used for loans to farmers for the purchase of food. Federal money will reach only farmers who are themselves able, or who live under the wing of some one who is able, to provide security. The responsibility of caring for all other sufferers in the drought regions falls squarely, and heavily, on the Red Cross. There is now no chance that Congress will appropriate federal funds for the relief of these sufferers. Congress started to set aside $25,000,000 to be distributed to them through the Red Cross, but desisted when that organization refused to accept any government appropriation, insisting that it was capable of meeting the emergency through funds raised by private subscription.

Wide World

PIUS XI

First Pope to broadcast—using Marconi-built station in Vatican City

Now we shall see whether it is or not. At the time of this writing the drive of the Red Cross to raise $10,000,000 by private subscription was lagging badly. It had been scheduled to end on Tuesday, February 10. Yet on that date New York was the only large city in the country to have completed its quota. A week later it became perfectly clear that it was not the possibility that Congress might make an appropriation for the Red Cross which had kept the drive from going over the top, for contributions did not shoot upward when that possibility was removed. What, undoubtedly, has been holding up the Red Cross is the fact that the country is financially fagged. In view of the tremendous need—the Red Cross is extending aid to more than a million persons in the drought areas—the sum asked of the public is extremely small. Of this the country is very well aware. Nowadays, however, contributions come hard.

Nevertheless, it is up to the Red Cross to get them, and to get enough of them to furnish adequate aid for the drought-stricken. Unwisely, we think, the Red Cross discouraged the plan of Congress to feed the sufferers by using federal money. It declared itself able to care for them without federal money. Now—even if the task involves launching another drive to raise ten or twenty million dollars more by private subscription—it must either make good or find itself subjected to the most severe criticism it has ever known.

▸▸*Wagner Bill Passed*

The idea of speeding up public works to overcome unemployment in times of depression did not originate with Senator Wagner, though the Senator sponsored the bill embodying it which was approved by Congress and, on February 10, by President Hoover. In his statement issued on signing the bill, Mr. Hoover gave credit to Edward Eyre Hunt of the Department of Commerce and Otto Mallory of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, for their pioneering in behalf of this idea. Both championed advance planning of public works before Presi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dent Harding's Unemployment Conference in 1921. In the ten years since then, the idea has found steadily wider and

International

CALMED

Dr. Chaim Weizmann accepts new interpretation of British policy on Palestine

warmer acceptance. Congress, however, might never have acted upon it had not Senator Wagner introduced his bill and championed it for months on end.

What the Wagner bill does is, briefly, to provide the authority and organization for a federal public works program to be planned six years in advance and instituted whenever industry slackens. Its terms create the Federal Employment Stabilization Board, consisting of the Secretaries of the Treasury, Commerce, Agriculture and Labor Departments, who will oversee the preparation, long in advance, of detailed plans for federal construction projects—post-offices, roads and so on. Whenever industry tends to slow down, the government will expand its public works program, thereby furnishing jobs for many workers who would otherwise be unemployed. Maintaining the salaries and purchasing power of these workers means, to that extent, stabilizing business.

Without reentering the controversy over how far Congress should have increased the government's public works program this year or last year, it may be said that the lack of advance planning has been an obstacle to expanding such programs widely and quickly enough to do much good. The Wagner measure removes that obstacle. This will not help us much during the present depression, but it may during the next one, particularly if state and municipal governments adopt similar measures, as Senator Wagner suggests. All such reserves of public works together would not cure a genuinely severe business depression, but they would certainly alleviate its consequences. Senator Wagner is to be commended for bringing a good idea down to earth and putting it to work.

▶▶*MacDonald on Palestine*

Premier MacDonald has soothed the Jews with a letter interpreting the new British policy for governing Palestine. The announcement of this policy last October by Lord Passfield, Secretary for the Colonies, brought the Labor government under heavy fire from Jewish groups at home and abroad. Prominent Jews not only protested but resigned from Zionist organizations, maintaining that they could no longer cooperate with the British. Under the Passfield policy, they said, Britain practically renounced the idea of developing a national home for the Jews in Palestine—a task which the League of Nations had placed in British hands along with the paradoxical job of protecting the rights and the position of Palestine's 700,000 Arabs.

Although the Labor government insisted that it had not renounced the idea of a Jewish homeland, zealous Zionists pointed to certain provisions in the Passfield policy, notably that proscribing additional Jewish immigration at the present time lest it increase unemployment and economic distress in Palestine besides aggravating hostility between Jews and Arabs.

One of the most zealous of the Zionists, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, who as a gesture of protest against the Passfield policy resigned his presidency of the Zionist World Organization and of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, now says that Mr. MacDonald's interpretation of the policy "has reestablished the basis for that cooperation with the mandatory power on which our policy was founded."

Did Mr. MacDonald really renounce the immigration restrictions of the Passfield declaration? Or is Dr. Weizmann merely appeased by Mr. MacDonald's disavowal of any intention in the Passfield declaration to criticize the Jewish people or Jewish organizations? It makes little immediate difference. Mr. MacDonald had made slight concessions to the Jews and is satisfied by calling them an "interpretation." Dr. Weizmann is satisfied with the concessions regardless of what they are called. Yet there is all too little evidence that the British policy on Palestine as interpreted by Mr. MacDonald will be satisfactory to the Arabs, to whose rights and interests he repeatedly paid lip service. Whatever the British policy may prove in practice to be, it will remain extremely difficult to square the establishment of a Palestine national homeland for the Jews with the rights and interests of the Arabs. Mr. MacDonald may have done nothing more than jump out of the Jewish frying pan into the Arab fire.

▶▶*Recalling the Marines*

"I am not forgetful of the fact that the foreign policy of every nation is devoted primarily to its own interests," said Secretary of State Stimson on February 6 as he outlined and defended two phases of his policy toward Latin-America. Mr. Stimson did not discuss our military occupation of Nicaragua at that time, but exactly a week later announced a program by which the occupation would

International

HOST TO DEVIL DOGS

President Moncada of Nicaragua reluctantly agrees to withdrawal of Marines

be ended immediately after Nicaragua's presidential election in 1932.

Secretary Stimson proposes to end the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fighting between American Marines and Nicaraguan bandits, to withdraw all but 500 of the 1200 Marines in Nicaragua by June, 1931, and to use the Marines left there to train and develop the Nicaraguan national guard. A few American airmen will, however, be used to carry supplies to Nicaraguans campaigning against the bandits. Under the plan Nicaragua agrees to add 500 troops to its Guardia Nacional, enlarge its school for the training of native officers to replace Marines now officers in the Guardia Nacional, and construct roads in certain provinces where the lack of them has prolonged the cleaning up of banditry and aggravated poverty which, in turn, has produced more and more bandits.

Whatever its effect upon Nicaragua, where it has been reluctantly accepted by President Moncada, Mr. Stimson's program seems to square with the best interests of the United States. Not all of the Marines can be withdrawn at this time, since we have not fully redeemed our pledge to train the Guardia Nacional, a pledge given to General Moncada in 1927 when he agreed to disband his revolutionary army. Yet our relations with Latin-America may be improved by the withdrawal of most of the troops and, particularly, by the setting of a definite date for the withdrawal of the others. In fact, there is every reason to end, as speedily as possible, an occupation which has become the symbol throughout Latin-America of interference by the United States.

Yet the end of the occupation will not mean an end of the policy of occupying Latin-American republics to protect the lives and property of our nationals and those of other countries whose governments we will not allow to intervene in revolutions. Even should the last Marine leave Nicaragua in 1932, another outbreak may draw half a dozen battalions back there before the close of 1933. We have quartered Marines in that republic for all but one of the past twenty years. We will undoubtedly quarter them there again whenever it is to the best interests of this country.

▶▶Discouraging a Customer

When, last December, Secretary Mellon drafted regulations to enforce the tariff law's provision against the importation of convict-made goods, both President Hoover and Under Secretary of the Treasury Mills denied that the regulations were aimed at Soviet Russia. At that time we noted that the regulations were so shaped that they could be aimed at whatever country or class of goods the Treasury Department might wish to hit and said that their full import and intent could not be determined save by waiting to see how they were applied, in particular to exports from Russia. Predictions that the law and regulations would be used to strike at Russian goods under the pretense of striking at convict-made goods prove justified now that

▶▶◀◀

Remarkable Remarks

Lincoln led in founding the Republican Party and gloried in his party. His tradition has dominated it to this day.—Herbert Hoover.

The President never plays politics. —Alan Fox.

That America could not experience any prolonged hard times, we know. —Kathleen Norris.

Our banking system is not yet perfect.—Calvin Coolidge.

Even a lawyer should know what he is talking about. — Max D. Steuer.

England has never been a reading country. Few people there read much after they attain maturity.— Michael Arlen.

The father supplies part of the child's mental ability. — Arthur Brisbane.

Do you know, this [the United States] is a housewife's paradise— Frau Elsa Einstein.

The "Follies" girl is a superb representative of the American spirit.—Walter Winchell.

The man who can sing in the bathroom ought to be able to wake his wife with a kiss.—Rupert Hughes.

▶▶◀◀

Secretary Mellon has placed an embargo on lumber and pulpwood produced in northern Russia, a region as large as all our states east of the Mississippi.

The Treasury Department claims to have evidence that convict labor is employed in some Russian lumber camps. Instead of merely barring the spruce and pulpwood which evidence shows to have been prepared by convict labor, the Treasury rules that, unless and until an importer can prove that his shipments were not touched by convict hands, entry will be refused all lumber and pulpwood produced in northern Russia and all articles manufactured therefrom in any part of that country. Thus it throws the burden of proof upon the importer, who is five to nine thousand miles from the source of his supply and has no clear conception of what the Treasury Department means by convict labor. In fact, the difficulties and delays involved in establishing proof of free labor may be so great as to bar any importation at all. This, the heart of the matter, explains the efforts to test in federal courts the legality of the Treasury's ruling that the importer must bear the burden of proof.

The disadvantages of this embargo to the United States as a whole far exceed the advantages which may accrue to our own lumber industry. American exports to Russia have so increased under Soviet rule that last year the United States supplanted Germany as the leading exporter to Russia. In fact, Russia increased her purchases here in 1930 by 30 million dollars and advanced into that group of fourteen nations comprising our 100-million-dollar customers. Just at present it is advantageous for Russia to buy certain goods here because they are cheap. Nevertheless, for the United States to place an embargo which arouses Russia's resentment and makes it more difficult for her to buy here by making it more difficult for her to sell here is little short of foolhardy.

▶▶Asking Why

When the Wickersham Commission made its work public on January 20 Senator Tydings of Maryland, like many others, was surprised to see wet commissioners turning in a dry report. Unlike dry and pussyfooting members of Congress, however, he wished to know why they did so. On January 21, therefore, he introduced a resolution instructing the Senate judiciary committee to invite Mr. Wickersham to explain this inconsistency and also to explain whether the report had been influenced by suggestions from persons not members of the commission. Mr. Tydings' resolution was notably appropriate since few students of the Wickersham report doubted that it had been dried up out of deference to Mr. Hoover. As the resolution could not be adopted without unanimous consent, it died a-borning when objection was announced by Senator Watson, Administration pillar.

On February 16, however, the Senate adopted another resolution of Senator Tydings requesting that the Wickersham commission supply the Senate with all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

testimony it had taken concerning prohibition (except that received under pledge of secrecy) and all reports of experts who had examined various phases of the question for the commission. The information was requested on the ground that it was needed by the Senate in drafting legislation recommended by the commission. Yet it is fairly certain that a dry and pussyfooting Senate will not use the information for that purpose since it has defeated one important Wickersham recommendation seeking to liberalize the prohibition laws and has no disposition to tackle another which would remove some of their hypocrisy.

Nevertheless, Senator Tydings' authorship of the resolution is an indication that the information may be used advantageously. He will hardly be able to prove why the wet commissioners turned in a dry report but he will be able to turn a spotlight upon their contradictory position, thereby calling public attention to it more strongly than ever.

➢➢*In Brief*

CHICAGO POLICE have raided Earl Carroll's *Sketch Book*. In these days of loose standards or no standards at all, it is encouraging to see Chicago maintaining its high moral tone. . . . Chicago has a sense of proportion. It doesn't bother its head about trivial offenses like murder and organized thuggery, but when it comes to a really important matter like a questionable show it enforces the law to the hilt. . . . It appears that the new French tariff rates have seriously injured the French market for American automobiles. This is an intolerable situation and we suggest that a statement telling France what America thinks of her be issued at once by former-Senator Joe Grundy. . . . Applause does not necessarily signify complete approval. Members of the New York Legislature recently applauded a minister who prayed for fewer and better laws. Then, a few days later, a legislator introduced a bill which would compel motorists convicted of reckless driving to carry red plates on their cars bearing the letters "R. D." . . . "The government should keep out of the rum business," said the California opponent of liquor dispensaries. "The government should keep out of the rum business and increase its appropriation to finance the distribution of our grape juice guaranteed to develop a kick within sixty days."

Cashing the Bonus

An Editorial

IF AMERICANS needed anything more to disillusion them on the workings of democracy, as exemplified by the present Congress, the dramatic course of the cash bonus bill would supply it. In our issue of February 11, under the caption "More Pie for Veterans," we stressed the danger that Congress, disregarding the economic condition of the country, would hand out from one to three billions to war veterans, whether they needed it or not, and regardless of the question of individual disability, unemployment or need.

Events have justified this warning. Against the bitter opposition of the Secretary of the Treasury, backed by such obviously competent witnesses as Owen D. Young and Charles E. Mitchell of New York, and Mr. Stephenson of Indiana, President of the American Bankers Association, and in the face of widespread public objections, in and out of Congress, a cash grab, modified in amount from three billions to less than a billion, but otherwise wholly indefensible because totally unchanged in principle, has just been rushed through the House by an overwhelming vote, without time for debate. As we go to press it is being slammed through the Senate with all speed and no consideration, and by the time this appears, no doubt, is in Mr. Hoover's hands for action. That this action will probably be a veto does not alter matters in the slightest. For so great is the rush to secure American Legion votes in the next election that in case of a veto more than a two-thirds majority in both Houses now stands ready to re-pass the bill and make it law with or without Mr. Hoover's signature. So that apparently the thing is as good as done.

This indefensible grab has been engineered without warning and without explanation. Said Mr. Tilson, House Floor Leader, in his vain fight against the bill: "Few had ever read or heard of the proposed bill until it was suddenly, I might say precipitately, reported by the Ways and Means Committee at the very end of last week. The reported bill was not printed until Saturday. The hearings upon which the committee is supposed to have based its conclusions will not be available for examination until the very day the bill is to be acted upon. Only twenty minutes on a side are allowed for debate. Of course no adequate legislation of a bill such as this can be attempted under such limitations. No one knows what additional obligations will be imposed by it. Every one is left in doubt as to what will be the effect on the treasury, its fiscal operations, and especially the effect upon financing this and other outstanding obligations of the government."

Outside of Congress, the Legion convention in Boston last fall declared against further bonus legislation by an overwhelming majority. From that day to this the unsuspecting public heard little to warn them that a new, sudden swooping of the dollar-grabbers was impending.

All the country knows now is that the Executive Committee of the Legion suddenly sponsored this new grab and that Congressional committees heard evidence of its baleful effects. Whereupon this evidence was disregarded—except that the raiders became frightened over the size of the loot and reduced their demands—and the bill promptly becomes law.

By its terms, every veteran in the country will be able to cash at once fifty per cent of his bonus, due in 1945, in the guise of a loan from the government. Why? Said Mr. Young in his vain effort to have the bill provide a fifty per cent loan to only such veterans as were unemployed or in distress: "No veteran has a right to ask the government to anticipate the debt payable in 1945, unless he is in distress. I don't think there will be any complaint, and, if there were, I should pay no attention to it."

"You might if you came up for re-election," retorted Mr. Garner of Texas.

"Well, I don't," was Mr. Young's reply.

And there you have it. The American Legion has votes. Congressmen must have them. Therefore, in these present hard times, a billion dollars is paid out to a special class in no way worse off than the rest of the citizens, seventy per cent of whom are in no distress whatever, and eighty per cent of whom as represented in convention said they did not want assistance from the government.

Such lack of integrity and patriotism in Washington smears the majority in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Congress with dishonor in the eyes of all decent Americans. The great warm heart of Congress can now be appraised for precisely what it is worth. To ascertain its exact value, it is necessary only to remember that Congress is now about to appropriate a billion dollars for a special class while the appropriation for relief of all kinds, despite all the noise and fury, totals less than one-quarter of that amount. Such is government by minorities.—THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D.C.

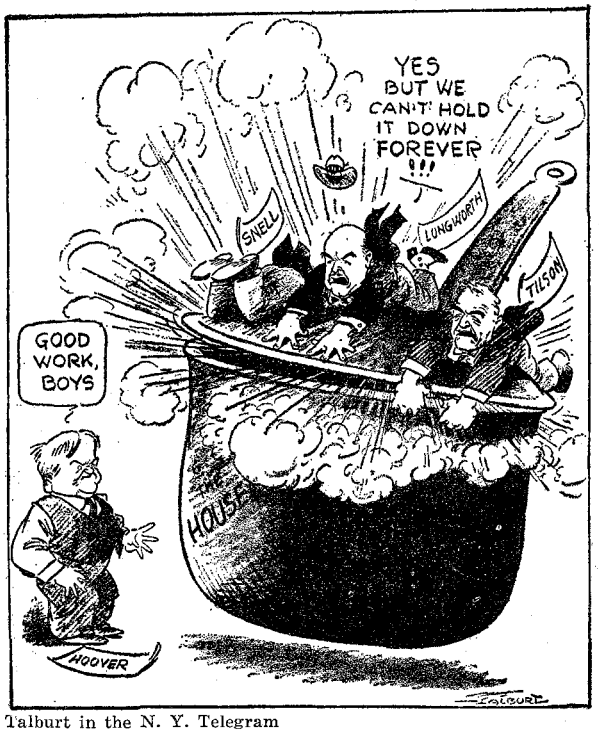
WE REGRET that those merry men who envisage Senator Dwight W. Morrow as the Republicans' great wet hope in 1932 are doomed to be disappointed. It is not so much that Mr. Morrow could not make the presidential grade through his ability and personality, even though President Hoover's burly figure blocks the path, as it is that he quite obviously does not intend to and will not make the effort. All urging that he step out and show his wares, we learn, have been met with that pleasant, wistful smile of his which is one of his chief charms.

There are those of our fellows who have already passed judgment upon him as another senatorial "bust" and "false alarm." He has not patted them on the back, he has made no eloquent speeches and he has given no interviews. On the contrary, he has studiously avoided such senatorial displays, and declined to let the Washington correspondents or his well-meaning admirers publicize him into presidential proportions. We know of at least twoscore instances in which the Capital's leading writers have begged him to take advantage of their newspaper and magazine columns, but to all he has bowed politely and excused himself. He has not, to our mind, been cold, and he has lost no friends thereby; he has simply been canny—and himself.

"You may interview me," is his unfailing reply, "but I will not talk for publication."

Then, we hear, he proceeds to supply them with as keen and brilliant a discussion of men and measures—or of questions involving the nation's banking structure, and what's wrong with it—as any individual except, perhaps, Owen D. Young did before the Senate committee investigating that problem. With numerous others we marvelled at Mr. Morrow's restraint on the day Mr. Young helped himself to large hunks of publicity, presidential or private, through financial advice to the Senators that Mr. Morrow, had he cared, might have given long ago.

Likewise, the New Jersey Senator is the despair of his friends inside the Senate. We understand that the members of the Senate's millionaire bloc—Reed of Pennsylvania, Phipps of Colorado, Metcalf of Rhode Island and Bingham of Connecticut—have implored him to deliver a speech or take part in debate, but Mr. Morrow only smiles, with, perhaps, some feeling of sorrow for their misunderstanding of him and his motives. Nor do we believe, as so many do, that his shyness and deferment of the day of his maiden address is due to his dread of the hazing which envious and smaller members of the Senate propose to administer to him. He is, he explains, simply serving his apprenticeship.



Talburt in the N. Y. Telegram

About due for an explosion

Despite his Senate shyness, he shows signs of making his influence felt. We understand that he rarely leaves the Senate chamber during debate, listening as conscientiously to Mr. Brookhart as to Mr. Borah. At social functions he exhibits the same earnestness and concentration to what is going on about him, devoting himself to the butterflies and amoebae as well as to the Alice Longworths. Undiscerning folk think this due to his desire to amass information anent legislation and similar problems against the day when he will need it. For our part, we think he is simply studying people—men rather than measures—against the day when he may occupy a more important rôle than he does now.

One of his millionaire companions tells us that he is a "resourceful little devil." From the same source we learn that "he cannot see two men in a dispute without letting his mind experiment on ways and means of bringing them together." Should he, as this appears to prophesy, exhibit the same ability as a conciliator that he showed at Broad and Wall Street, at Mexico City and St. James's Palace, we would not be surprised if he persuade "Bill" Borah to support Mr. Hoover in 1932, or make Mr. Brookhart think less harshly of bootleggers and their clients, including Walter Fahey, at whose most delightful party the Senator from Iowa smelled and squealed. There, we suggest, are people worthy of Mr. Morrow's persuasiveness.

Along with many others we credit the New Jerseyite with ambition which he has so far kept hidden. To our mind, he has his eyes on 1936 rather than 1932, and his legislative record indicates as much. Though he came to the Capital heralded as a liberal and progressive, whatever those labels may mean, he has been a safe and sound Republican member of the Old Guard. On water power, on the tariff, on drought relief, on national defense he has voted with such gallant gentlemen of the presidential guard as "Jim" Watson and Professor Fess.

No, Mr. Morrow will head no rebellious or riotous movement next year. Should Mr. Hoover conclude that he has absorbed enough punishment, the Senator would then be the Republican party's only hope as a pledge of returning prosperity. Otherwise, he must sit in his corner in the rear row as a symbol that, in assigning seats if in nothing else, the United States Senate takes no orders or oratory from Wall Street.

A. F. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bad Boy of the Marines

A Portrait of "Hell-Devil" Butler

By **RAY T. TUCKER**

OUT of the smoke of fourteen battles and expeditions and his peace time raids against red liquor and redder politicians, the American people have conjured up misty legends aplenty with which to adorn the name and the hard, narrow skull of Major General Smedley D. Butler of the United States Marines. Ashore and afloat, as well as on the lecture platform and the prohibition band-wagon, he has moved through stirring scenes as this nation's most picturesque military hero, and he still remains as a shining symbol of the glitter, the gorgeousness and the romance that once was war. To this and earlier generations he has been "the ideal American soldier," as the late Theodore Roosevelt characterized him, and none denies the truth of Charles G. Dawes's statement that he is a "man of great guts." Ironically enough, the same Navy Department that instigated and then abandoned court-martial proceedings against him for his alleged slur on Benito Mussolini described him in 1924 as "one of the most brilliant officers in the United States." Now, though the Navy has thought better of its plan to try him, it has centered attention on a warrior whose more recent exploits in the piping times of peace and prohibition had obscured his glorious achievements under the skies of many lands.

Even sketchy newspaper despatches which picture the more striking episodes of his long career start a tingling of the blood. To sample the salt of his abrupt but boyish personality is to feel strong sympathy for the seeming shortcomings that plunged him into conflict with his superiors. Nevertheless, the qualities which have made him a fine soldier but a faulty figure in caged, semi-civilian life are so mingled in him that his nature defies disciplined description. Whether penetrating the halls of the Castle of Chapultepec as a spy or disturbing international relations by dubbing Il Duce a hit-and-run driver, the same strain of impetuosity and reckless courage is ever active. It has been his heroic urge on the field of battle, his undoing in the dull days of barracks routine. The heroism of the firing line, with him as with so many others, inevitably becomes heresy to the grim generals and gold-braiders who win their spurs behind a desk at Washington.

International

A free spirit ever since, as a stripling of sixteen, he warned his Quaker father that he would run away to "join the general army if thee does as thee says and prevent my enlistment," it is surprising that he has not been subjected to punishment many years ago. Surprising were it not that then there were battles to be fought, savages to be brought under white man rule, jungles to be drained of yellow fever, far-flung lines to be advanced as outposts of an ordered and oratorical civilization and European embarkation points to be made safe for democracy and war-weary doughboys. Had he then served departmental bureaucrats with half the zeal he served his flag, it is quite probable that there would never have been any move to court-martial him in the first instance. Indeed, it is generally recognized at the Capital that his jocular jibes at the Generals and Admirals through the years was in large part responsible for the extreme treatment originally planned for him.

Even those who recognized that he should suffer some rebuke for his needless criticism of Italy's dictator knew that, in facing trial by his military peers, he would be answering for the devil in his blood that has won him two Congressional Medals of Honor—the only living man to be so cited—a Distinguished Service Medal, half a dozen citations and similar decorations from foreign governments. To these same commentators, therefore, it seemed somewhat ironical that a Quaker President and an Adams of New England should be the luckless officials whose duty it was to reprimand him for those forthright qualities which their own ancestors brought to America. In that they subsequently decided to forego the trial, and to rest on a simple reprimand, they linked their tribute to Butler the man and the soldier with those which had already been voiced by the "brass hats" at G.H.Q., the rank and file of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps and editorial opinion. Thus, once again, General Butler emerges as the central figure in a unique and spectacular proceeding. It falls to the lot of few men, he may proudly reflect, to escape a general court-martial that has been summoned and proclaimed in the orders of the day.

Butler has dared court-martial before by his frankness. Had an Adams instead of an ex-marine been Secretary of the Navy some years ago, the colorful marine might have been dragged as close to the court as he was a few weeks ago. But Edwin Denby, who was Secretary of Navy at the time, was amused rather than angered by the incident, which occurred on the day that a detachment of marines were to be assigned to guarding the mail trains. With a scowl on his hawk-like face, General Butler listened impatiently as Denby gave his instructions to the picked men. When the Cabinet member had concluded his remarks, which contained a suggestion that they should not expose themselves to death needlessly, the marine officer stepped forward and snarled:

"The Secretary says that if any of you happen to have your suspenders break just about the time a bum gets the drop on you with a gun, he doesn't want you to get killed, but to put up your hands and let him get away. I say it's all right for the Secretary to tell you that. If you do that—that's you. But if you take a chance and fight, and get killed or not, why, then, by God, you're a MARINE! And that's what I want you to be!"

The men cheered this advice to "take

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a chance" with death, whereas they had greeted the Secretary's address with silence. General Butler, of course, knew his men, and he was playing upon their martial instincts as an artist. Similarly, in many instances in which Butler seems to be no more than a spectacular poseur, he is simply showing his understanding of military psychology. There is not a regiment in the world that does not admire a commander who refuses to bow before the "brass hats," and the marine officer's audacity in contradicting his superior undoubtedly fired the imagination of his hearers. Denby, as a former marine who had progressed from the rear rank to a Cabinet post, sensed the purpose behind his subordinate's remarks.

International

Butler tells it to the marines

In much the same manner General Butler treated Adams, according to reliable reports, when the present Secretary of the Navy inspected Quantico last summer, and this clash may throw some light on their relations. General Butler was then in line for promotion to commandant of marines, which was vacant, and he realized that his advancement might depend upon the impression he made on his superior.

With pardonable pride, perhaps, General Butler pointed out several features of the camp in which he took great pride. But to all these things Adams turned up his New England nose with the unkind comment that Quantico was one of the most expensive garrisons in the country. For a while Butler exercised unexampled restraint, but he gave voice to his feelings upon introducing a small group of officers to the Secretary.

"Gentlemen," he is reported to have said, "I want you to meet the Secretary of the goddam Navy."

In view of this characteristic outburst, there was no surprise among the General's friends when he was passed over by Adams a few months later. But, though Butler lost the prized post, marines in every quarter of the globe—"from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli"—are telling this and similar tales with a gay-grim gleam in their eyes and affection in their hearts for the man they know as "Hell-Devil Butler," "Battling Butler," "Old Gimlet Eyes," "The Fighting Quaker" and "General Duckboard." To the rank and file he typifies the rough-and-ready, first-to-fight spirit of the most historic arm of the military forces. In fact, if any one individual is responsible for the esprit de corps which has marked the marines in the last decade, it is this profane and spectacular rebel.

Buck privates also love him for his thoughtfulness of them—a rare trait among American officers but the one which above all others stamps the born commander. He may be sparing of soft words, but he says it in language the soldier understands. Once, while on a hike from Quantico to a Civil War battlefield, he noticed that a sick soldier was straggling along under the 60-pound weight of his rifle and dunnage. With hardly a word, Butler slung the load over his shoulder and trudged the rest of the eighteen miles more heavily laden than any of his men. He puts on no "side," as numerous incidents show. There was, for instance, that time when he led in laying duckboard sidewalks at Brest. Up the oozy streets of the camp filed a strange procession of mud-caked gnomes in forest-green, bent under the load of lumber they carried on their shoulders. In the lead marched a figure whose slow step, impeded by the duckboard he carried, blocked the path of an automobile bearing the high-and-mighty insignia of a Major General.

"Hey, there!" shouted an M.P., "get the hell out of there. You're holding up the General's car."

When the leader of the lumbering parade lifted his face in response to a steady rat-tat-tat of epithets, the M.P. recognized it as that of Major General Butler, commandant of the camp. Instead of a reprimand, however, the military cop received the compliments of his commanding officer for doing his duty.

The popular assumption that General Butler loses his temper easily or frequently is contradicted by the record, as these foregoing incidents show. It is true that upon occasion he violates the military proprieties and shocks both the public and his own profession. For the most part, however, he knows what he is doing and saying, and why. His fault—or mistake—seems to be, as it was when he assumed command of the Philadelphia police force, that he cannot differentiate between the methods which make for military morale and those which cause trouble in peacetime fields of activity. He cannot, it seems, sense that the same volcanic vocabulary and personality that appeal to enlisted men do not find a friendly reception among civilians; that a populace cannot be controlled in the same manner that military mannikins can be manoeuvred and inspired.

Yet he can be as canny as any Army, Navy or Marine officer striving to get ahead, and of these all three services have their full share. Many years ago, when he was in command at Panama, President Taft and an official party from Washington arrived to inspect the canal construction. For their benefit Butler staged a drill, and so struck by the performance were the visitors that a high official asked for a copy of the regulations in order that it might be utilized by the War Department. Instead of turning over an ordinary copy of "close-order drill," which is the same for the Army as for the Marines, Butler promised to forward one to the Capital. And a few months later a special courier turned up in the Capital with the ordinary regulations neatly typed, engrossed and otherwise decorated for the occasion.

Though he became a subject of satire and cartoon when, as civilian Director of Public Safety at Philadelphia in 1924, he stepped forth in a resplendent,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

albeit hybrid, uniform, he had a definite purpose in wearing it. He knew that he had been summoned there because of his dashing military record, and he realized that he must play out the rôle. He sensed, and he was undoubtedly right, that hard-boiled cops and gangsters would be more amenable to discipline if it were wielded by a man whose very garb bespoke authority. He wore his uniform at formal evening parties as a sartorial warning to importunate hosts and their guests that the same law applied to society, saloons and speakeasies. Philadelphia society soon dropped him, and proceeded to sip its highballs more comfortably than when he sat in its midst as a symbol of martial law.

"I know I'll let myself in for a lot of kidding with this uniform," he prophesied with clear-sighted correctness, "but that will be the least of my worries. The public likes a circus, but this circus won't stop just because the public gets tired of it."

While it is true that he won no great honors during his service in the City of Brotherly Love between cops and criminals, his experience there was a test of Philadelphia rather than of himself. In so far as actual results were concerned, he might just as well have remained in China, and the only benefit was the fierce light which, during his stay, beat upon municipal government there and in other American cities. Nevertheless, his technique was well-nigh perfect, if not too much so. He drove the politicians from City Hall, he broke up gambling and liquor rings, he closed saloons and speakeasies, he shut down the cribs and, for a while, exiled the criminals to nearby cities. He sought to smash the alliance between politics and police by shifting patrols, by reducing the number of precincts and by re-establishing their boundaries. He played upon the hatreds of his men, assigning blue-coated enemies to the same beat and placing ancient feudists in the same station house as desk sergeant and lieutenant.

He spared nobody, including himself. Into his office he moved his cot and slept there when he was not touring the city to come upon corrupt and contented cops who deemed themselves safe from "Old Gimlet Eyes." He formed in "Unit No. 1" as trustworthy a body of shock troops as any commander ever led. He bragged of bribes declined, bullied the political bosses in the open, shook the city by the throat as Billy Sunday battles with a devil on the stage, and strove desperately to tear the town loose from liquor and lethargy. Behind him stood the civic, commercial, churchly, banking and industrial interests, but behind him, too—a long way behind—stood the Mayor who had called him there and the politicians.

On his first day he summoned the off-duty section of the force to his office.

"I will give you forty-eight hours from 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon," he told them, "to close up every illegal drinking place and crooked shop in this city. If you fail, out you go. No politician is going to interest himself in you. Do your duty—that's all you have to worry about. Now, go home."

He meant every word of it, as he demonstrated by discharging a lieutenant who was henchman to Boss Bill Vare. When, a few days later, three suave political gents sidled into his office, he gave them scant welcome. They, on their part, beamed on this stranger of wiry build and average height, strong, slanting shoulders, sharp face, pale blue eyes and excitable manner. They did not, perhaps, note that he possessed exceptionally thick wrists, the build of an athletic adventurer and a cold, almost arctic, light in his eyes.

"I'm the leader of the ——th ward," began the spokesman, "and I want to tell you about Mike Mulligan, General."

"Get out!" retorted the "General."

"Mike's really a—"

"Get the hell out!"

"But, listen, General. Mike's a—"

"Get the hell out of here before you're thrown out"—and Butler started to rise.

Such were the scenes in a great show by a consummate but sincere actor. He meant well but he was a babe in the woods, a fish out of water, and he brought the elements of assured failure with him. Before he had been on his new job a day he had addressed the American Legion, and he appeared to take it for granted that most of the police force was "corrupt." He envisaged political antagonism too early with the remark that he did not expect to last a single year. He looked upon civilian cops as young marines inspired by devotion to the colors, and dreamed of arousing in them the same esprit de corps that shattered Prussian phalanxes at Chateau Thierry. Public psychology was a closed book that he never tried to open. He failed to recognize that, though Philadelphia might be to him a battlefield, it was far easier to storm a city than to police one. A gallant gentleman, he soon discovered that there were rules and regulations in politics as well as in warfare. At the end of two years he quit in disillusionment, and, though it reveals his utter ignorance of the size of the task he had undertaken so bravely, his valedictory was not without its note of high-minded wistfulness.

"I thought that everybody was honest," he mused. "I thought the political powers wanted Philadelphia cleaned up. But pretty quickly I discovered all they wanted was to make the citizens of Philadelphia believe it had been cleaned up."

He evacuated, as the Marines always do, with colors flying, even though only three policemen and his relatives were at the railroad station to say good-bye. Fingering his letter of resignation and a blue-steel army pistol that had been given him by the Mayor, he said:

"Give the Mayor the letter and the pistol. He can publish the letter, and he can do what he pleases with the gun."

Re-entering the Marines, his next assignment was the command of the Marine Base at San Diego, and there he straightway encountered difficulties, as has been his portion of late years. He was called upon by circumstances to order the arrest and court-martial of an old friend for intoxication that began at a dinner which the latter had given in honor of Butler's arrival on the coast. It has often been held against Butler that he turned in his host, but the facts controvert this criticism. While at the dinner party, the Marine officer made the best of a trying situation and tried "to see as little as he could and get away with it." He moved out onto the porch so as not to embarrass other officers who were drinking. The events which brought on the court-martial occurred hours later in the lobby of a public hotel, and, it is generally admitted, no other course was open to General Butler. Even so, he "worried all night before he decided to act," and the affair left him more shaken than hostile fire ever had.

His experience at Philadelphia, he admits, has affected him. It has, for one thing, made him a teetotaler, and convinced him that the Volstead Act is "silly" and "class legislation." He still indorses prohibition itself, and, though he was unable to effect it, he professes to believe that some day the same treatment will be accorded both the "$5,000,-

(Please Turn to Page 318)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An American Workman in Russia

By LEMENT HARRIS

Here is an intimate story telling how the Five-Year Plan is affecting the workman, and how the workman is affecting the Plan. Mr. Harris, a recent Harvard graduate, has worked in American factories and on American farms and is now specializing in the study of agricultural economics. He spent nearly two years as an American workman in Russia.

THE first Russian citizen I met was the customs officer in Odessa. His heart was won by my large box of carpenter's tools, which he inspected with far greater care than the rest of my baggage. With evident delight he felt the edges of the chisels and pronounced each new tool a masterpiece of American workmanship. Warmed to a friendly humor by the pleasure of this inspection, he gave me careful instructions as to how I might hire a cab and not pay an excessive fare. The cab driver turned out to be the kind the customs man had warned me against, because our debate lasted for five minutes before we struck a bargain. Upon arriving at the hotel, we had another debate of equal length because I insisted upon paying him what we had agreed upon.

He followed me up to the hotel room, with the apparent purpose of pestering me until his demands were met, but, on the contrary, he considered our business affairs settled, and simply wanted to shake hands and wish me a pleasant stay in his land. I found that the final friendliness of this man was the type of reaction which I was to run into on all sides for the following year. During the two-day trip on the railroad from Odessa to Rostov, I learned how sociable Russian trains can be. Upon arriving in Rostov in the evening, one of the passengers grabbed my big bag and led me into the office of the secret police, or G. P. U., where he explained that I was a stranger and didn't know the hotels. The police officer told me to wait, summoned a cab driver and himself made the bargain for me. Almost the same incident occurred at the end of my next railroad trip to the state farm, way out in the steppe. I arrived there at about midnight; a fellow passenger on the train carried out my bag, hired a cab, and then jumped back on the train again.

The state farm on which I worked was one of the great wheat farms that the Soviet government is developing in the semi-arid parts of the country. It is a region of so little rainfall that peasant farming often fails and wide tracts of virgin soil are completely vacant. In fact, during the season I worked on this farm there was even less rain than usual, and the peasants' fields, with their shallow plowing and inferior seed, were nearly burned up, whereas the government fields right alongside harvested good crops.

FIGHTING DRINK AMONG RUSSIAN WORKERS

In the war on liquor the government sends out lecturers and has many horrifying exhibits of the effect of liquor on the internal organs. The upper slogan in this picture reads: "More people are drowned in the wine glass than in the sea."

Only one person connected with this farm knew me, and he was in Moscow. I found every one so busy with the big job of preparing for the harvest that it seemed only necessary to pick the job that was most interesting and go to work. Extra hands were needed for most of the jobs. Accordingly, I joined the bunch who were assembling American machinery. It was only after several weeks of work that the small matter of the formalities of being hired and the amount of pay was attended to. I found myself working with men who a year previously had been simple peasants, but were now called upon to assemble and operate complicated machinery. My advantage was that the instructions for assembling these machines were in English, and this somewhat compensated for the fact that it was a type of machinery that I had never seen before. The chief difficulty was that these workmen spoke not one word of English, so I was forced to use all the Russian that I had learned in two months in America and a lot that I didn't know. As evidenced by the performance of these men, I was satisfied that an average peasant can learn as rapidly as the average American how to tend to machinery.

During the harvest I was operating a combined harvester and reaper during one shift, while a peasant of what seemed to me to be of lower than average grade mentality ran it on the second shift. It was interesting for me to notice that this peasant was so anxious to run the combine properly that he would stop about every half-hour and go all around the machine with his oil can to make sure that bearings were not running hot. This procedure wasted valuable minutes during the harvest, but was probably good insurance, as he went through the harvest period with no breakage.

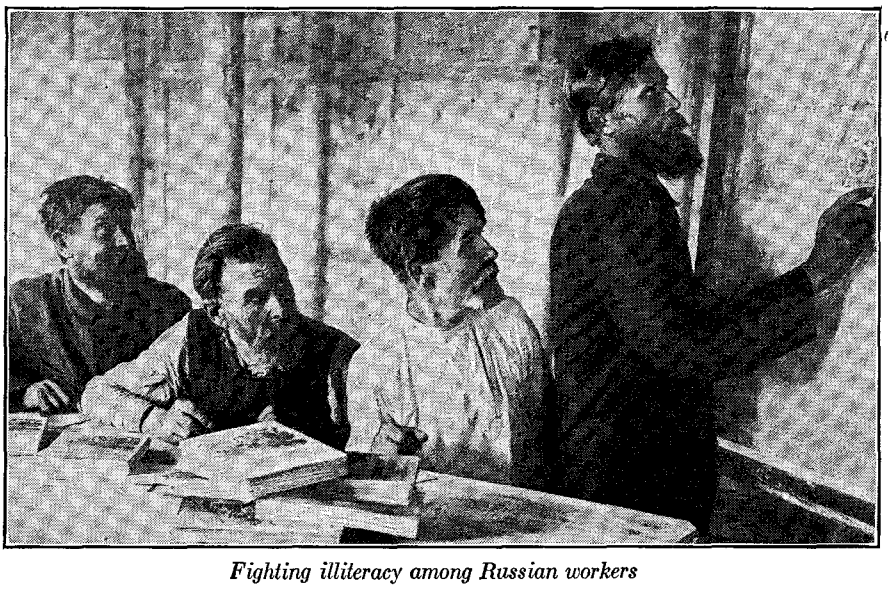
I was also impressed with the serious way in which these peasants worked. They treated the machinery with great care. There were two men in the camp who had a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

different attitude. Efficient production did not seem to matter to these men, and they obtained for themselves the reputation of being "hooligans." In fact, this word has passed into the Russian language, and hooliganism is actually a crime. The other workers objected to the tendency which these men had of picking daisies rather than plowing, and called a meeting of protest. The workers at this meeting decided that the attitude of these two men was unsocial, and as a result voted that they should be dismissed from their jobs and from the trade union also.

This was the first season's work on this particular state farm, and it exhibited the points of strength and weakness which I was later to find common to many of the new Soviet enterprises. The main strength of the organization was the high morale, interest and devotion on the part of the workers and most of the management. The chief weakness was the lack of experience not just on the score of technical knowledge of the machinery, but on the details of organizing an enterprise involving several hundred people. For example, some of the wells were known to have an alkali in the water, but no effort was made to use only the good wells. The result was that many of the workers were weakened by the bad water. Then, due to imperfect arrangements with the peasant cooperatives, the food supplied to the field camps was not so good or varied as it could have been. Another weakness was the red tape involved in keeping the record of the men's working time. Out in the combine harvest camp where there were sixty workers, every man had to obtain the signature of three people for each day's record. The field mechanic, the camp manager, and the time keeper, all had to sign the daily slips. In view of the fact that these three men were always in different places, workers were forced to occupy a large part of their leisure time each day in looking for them. The mistaken principle in this method was that no one person should be trusted. The purpose was to weed out the small percentage of dishonest ones. Of course, the result of such a system was that any one wanting to falsify statements would have a handy cloud of papers in which he might carry out his plans. It should be added that when I returned to this farm a year later, a filtering system had been put in for insuring pure water; the food supply had been greatly improved; and plans were being pushed ahead for the organization of a food producing unit to supply vegetables and dairy products directly to the men.

I went to Moscow during the winter to study the Russian language and to see a different side of Russian life. I needed two things, a room and a job.



Fighting illiteracy among Russian workers

The job was easy to find, because English teachers are in great demand. A room, however, required about three weeks of hunting, because housing conditions in the city were so crowded. There is a rule that a tenant cannot be ousted between November and April, even if he does not pay his rent, and possibly this made some people less anxious to let me stay with them. I finally succeeded in sharing a room with a young office worker, who spoke some English and wanted practice in speaking more.

I had two English classes with officers of the Red Army. I was the only person I ever saw them salute. I noticed that frequently the under-officer would send out his superior to bring in a chair or books. One student had the rank of general, and spoke quite understandable English to begin with. This, of course, was a help for the English teacher. I assumed that he was a very trusted official, because he was not only a member of the Communist party but was one of the judges conducting the periodic examination of all the members, called the "cleaning." He told me one day that he looked forward to the time when he, though a general in the army, would be sent out for perhaps two hours a day, or six months a year, to do some of the foolish work of the world. By this he meant perhaps running an elevator, or operating some semi-automatic factory machine. He explained that to place any man in an elevator and make him run it for eight hours a day, for ten years, would surely have the effect of crippling his mentality. He explained that the Soviet union hoped to cut down this social hardship to the minimum. They would budget the labor needed for routine jobs, and to a certain degree spread it amongst all the population.

Social life in Moscow is unique. It is perhaps the easiest place to make friends, first because people always seem delighted to have visitors call, and second because calling hours are scarcely limited. For example, it is not a social error to call on a person of either sex at ten o'clock at night. If one does, one is sure to have tea to drink, and the stage is set for a talk until midnight or later. I utilized this opportunity as a chance to work in lessons in Russian conversation, simply using enough consideration to vary the victim. Besides this, I would average about two lessons a day from a variety of teachers.

My system of seeing some of the interesting schools and factories around the city was to go on an excursion about once every five days. Usually a group of us Americans who were spending the winter in Moscow would call ourselves a delegation, and with that impressive title go to institutions of interest. Usually a guide would be supplied to show us the sights and answer our questions. We went out to the textile center in the city of Ivanovo-Vosnesensk. We arrived there in 40-below-zero weather. We therefore were especially delighted when a limousine was assigned to us for two days, plus a guide and hotel rooms,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For all these services we were not allowed to pay. During the two days in this city we visited three new textile mills, one old one of the czarist type, and workmen's houses, schools, day nurseries, and clubs. On the evening of the second day we met the committee of the City Soviet. The man who would correspond to mayor in this country answered all our questions concerning the new plans of social development. He disclosed, for example, how they were just building cooperative dairies and farms surrounding the city, in order to socialize the food supply. He told us that they were organizing a university in connection with one of the giant textile mills. The plan was to have a university of 4,000 students who would alternate in shifts of 2,000, with one day's work in the mills and the following day in the university.

At last I wrote to the director of a factory, asking for a job, hoping that I would find one within three months. To my surprise, he replied by telegram. I found that my job in the office of this factory consisted of working over blueprints of agricultural machinery. Our working day was six and a half hours, but mine was lengthened by one hour because of the fact that many of the employees wanted an English lesson for an hour before the office opened.

The eating system was unique. In the morning one would have tea and some bread. During the noon lunch hour tea was served by the office and one ate bread again. People began to think of having a real meal at about four o'clock, the only time when they were not willing to stop to tell long stories. The final meal of the day came at about ten o'clock at night, when one would have a cold pick-up supper.

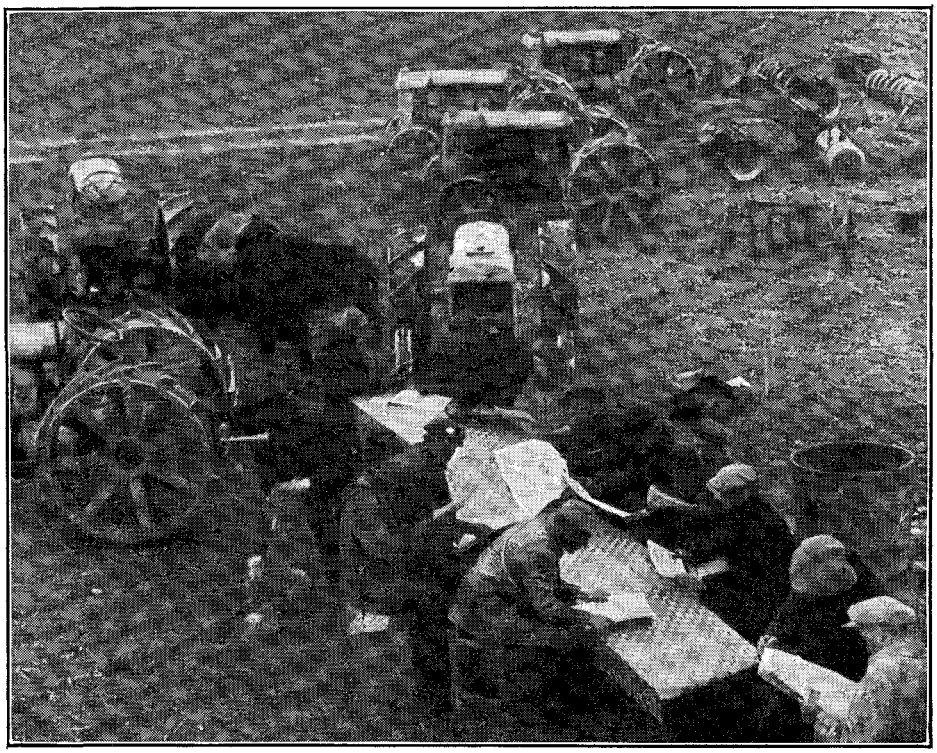
One day while receiving my wages, I was able to glance over the pay list of the office. I noticed that the director of the factory was receiving $112 a month. This was the maximum sum that he could receive, because he was a member of the Communist party. The highest paid officer was the chief engineer, who was receiving $350 a month. The average for the workers was around 55 dollars a month. For necessities this has about the buying power of a hundred dollars in America. I found that it was the policy of the government to raise the pay of the lower categories more rapidly than the higher, so that they would gradually approach each other, and at some future date there would be virtual equality of income.

I wanted to have the experience of actual factory work, and after two months I transferred to a factory in the Ukraine, which was actually producing combined harvesters and reapers. In this instance also it was easy to land a job. I simply walked into town, asked for the chief engineer, and showed my trade union book. He asked why I had left my last job, about my qualifications, and inquired whether I would indulge in counter-revolutionary practices. I went to work on the same day I arrived. My first contact was with the factory committee, which consists of a small elected group whose duties are to attend to the needs of the workers. A member of this committee helped me to arrange for a room and special clothing, and offered to introduce me to various workers. I found this workers' committee to be a functioning institution. There was a daily workers' meeting in which a variety of business was brought up. This might be the appointment of a committee to make sure that the workers were getting the best food available, the election of new members to the trade union, and questions of wages and hours. The Labor Code provides that any resolution adopted by a majority of the workers must be answered by the management within a week.

The new life for workingmen resulting from the Labor Code was apparent from the start. This plant was working a seven-hour day, arranged very conveniently for the workers. We began work at quarter of seven in the morning and had a mid-morning meal at 10:30, and the working day was finished at 2:30 in the afternoon. This seemed to me like a half-holiday every day, and of course one day in every five was free. The working schedule of this plant was typical of the problem confronting most of the Russian factories. In December, 1929, it received orders from Moscow to transform its reaping machine department into a combine department. An American model of combine was chosen, blueprints were drawn up in January, and in April the first parts were made. The first finished machine to be made in Russia was turned out about July 1. It was sent to Moscow and exhibited at the meeting of the Sixteenth Congress of the Communist party. Then it was sent to the harvest, and after its first season's work placed in a museum. By the end of August, the plant was turning out one machine a day. On October 1, they were turning out between three and four machines a day. A schedule for the plant, when it reaches full production, is thirty-six machines a day, and it is hoped that this will be reached within two years.

The figures for the national program for the manufacture of combines tell the

(Please Turn to Page 316)



Time out for rest and propaganda

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

George Washington Picture Mills

How the Frauds Are Working on Collectors

By HARRY LORIN BINSSE

IT HAS been said with authority that Napoleon is the most "pictured" character in history,—a statement not easily verified! Perhaps this is true; there are certainly many thousands of representations of the Little Corporal. But any one familiar with Americana must often wonder whether our own George Washington has not a good claim to this peculiar honor. The dollar note and two cent stamp alone must give him a considerable lead over Napoleon.

Charles Henry Hart, the pioneer historian of American art, devoted many years to the preparation of a monumental *Catalogue of the Engraved Portraits of Washington.* In it he lists 880 separate engravings of the first President. Since then, at least two hundred more have turned up. If one adds to this figure the thousands of so far uncatalogued lithographs, silhouettes, miniatures, hair portraits, statues, woodcuts, drawings, needlework pictures, portraits on glass, on rice paper (made in China!) and porcelain, the total figure would be positively astronomical. The number of oil paintings alone, if they were all known and listed, would undoubtedly have to be expressed in four figures. Charles Willson Peale, for instance, is known to have painted nearly fifty; Charles Peale Polk, another fifty. Wertmuller, Wright, Rembrandt Peale, James Peale, and many others, with even less familiar names, all have tried to depict the August Countenance. In the four-volume book on Gilbert Stuart, based on the work of the late Lawrence Park, and completed by a learned committee of experts, including Messrs. John Hill Morgan, William Sawitsky, and Theodore Bolton, there are listed one hundred and eleven oil portraits of Washington by Stuart.

One would suppose that, with so enormous a supply, the demand for Washington portraits would be easily met, and at reasonable prices. Yet strangely enough, this is far from being the case. The demand seems to be limitless and prices uniformly high. The most wretchedly executed eighteenth century engraving, however ugly, will bring from $500 to $1,000 because of its historical value; one of the best full lengths painted by Charles Willson Peale, although not from life, was recently sold for between $75,000 and $100,000. A Stuart of the "Vaughan" type—rather larger and finer than the original of the picture on the dollar note—is worth anything between $125,000 and $175,000. Even the least interesting Stuart copy of the "Athenaeum" bust (the dollar note portrait) will bring about $50,000! And there are scores of them in existence.

The reasons for this great demand and the consequent high prices paid for likenesses of Washington are, of course, complex. He is, after all, one of the two most revered men in our history, and it is a deeply human desire to know what one's heroes looked like. The recent vogue for everything old and American has made Washingtoniana doubly desirable. Perhaps in no other branch of collecting have values increased so much during the last twenty-five years. Even the present depression has not seriously affected prices, and in spite of their number, it is only rarely that a good Washington portrait comes on the market.

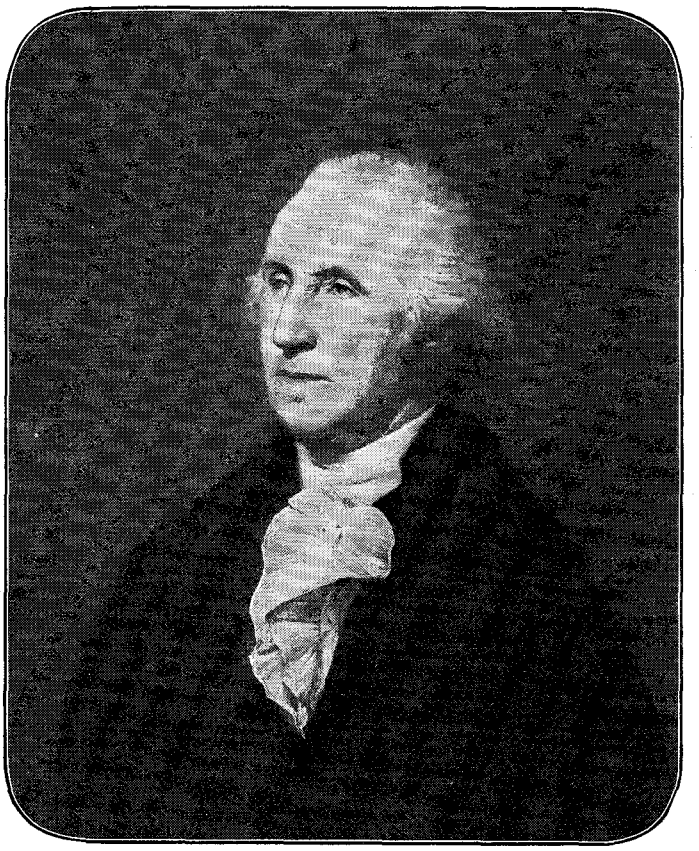
JUST as one might suppose, the immediate result of all this has been a deluge of fakes. To the rich Washington collector, and, indeed, to the whole public interested in such matters, the most valuable, authentic likeness is one painted from life by an able artist. Stuart heads the list; C. W. Peale comes second; their contemporaries follow in an order governed entirely by the taste and the pocketbook of the purchaser. Unfortunately, for posterity, all these artists, except Stuart and Peale, were of distinctly mediocre capacity; there are even some persons bold enough not to think very highly of Stuart, especially of Stuart's many copies from his own life portraits of Washington. The result is that the identification of a genuine life portrait, excepting those already well known and listed in C. H. Hart's celebrated article on the subject, which appeared in the February, 1897, *McClure's,* is a task which only a highly trained expert can perform. It is a matter of meticulous connoisseurship and documentary research. The identification of a "genuine" copy is fully as difficult. Moreover, such copies, even though made by artists who had themselves previously painted portraits from the life, are of far less interest.

Here, indeed, particularly in the Stuart copies, is an environment ideally suited to the forger—an eager market, ready to fight for his wares at pleasantly profitable prices, and a market not able easily to judge his wares, because the standards against which he will be measured are not particularly high. If a clever dealer can dispose of spurious old masters, how much more readily can he sell spurious Stuarts! And as the ordinary dealer knows very little of the subject, he frequently sells them in perfectly good faith. The most common variety of fake Stuart—most fakes are "Stuarts," probably on the principle that one might as well hitch one's wagon to the highest priced star—is sold with the phrase that it was "presented by General Washington to an officer ancestor and is now offered for sale because of straitened family circumstances." Nor are such pictures necessarily modern; they are generally early copies by some other, inferior artist, sold by indigent owners as *bona fide* originals, and resold at a handsome profit by a dealer who often does not know any better himself. There are said to be several such pictures listed, with perfect good faith, in Parke's authoritative book.

The more obvious, and far more dishonest, fake is the "antiqued" modern copy of a Stuart original. Fakes of both types have been publicly exposed within the last six months. The details are amusing. Many years ago a Boston connoisseur bought for twelve dollars an inferior portrait of Washington said to have been copied by Jane Stuart from one of her father's well known canvases. Recently he sold this picture, but without its frame. Meanwhile, William Mathews Hekking, who had been for many years a teacher of art in the Middle West and had held a number of minor curatorships, met a most charming gentleman named Wilbur F. Cooke, who described himself as a New York art dealer. Mr. Hekking since 1925 had been director of the Albright Galleries in Buffalo, and had gained the implicit confidence of many collectors. The charming Cooke and his feminine associates made much of Mr. Hekking, thus winning his friendship. Mr. Hek-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

king knew several likely purchasers for Stuart Washingtons, and Mr. Cooke offered to supply the pictures. So they were duly sold and delivered—one to Seymour H. Knox of Buffalo, another to W. C. Findlay of Kansas City. The former paid $22,000, the latter $21,000. Then, somehow, our Boston connoisseur, who had owned the Jane Stuart, heard that the very same picture was in the collection of Mr. Knox, but now attributed to her father. This fact he communicated to Mr. Hekking. He remembered that he still had the original frame of the portrait and sent it to that saddened gentleman, who discovered that it fitted Mr. Knox's picture precisely, even to the marks of the nails. Mr. Hekking immediately became doubtful of the second "Stuart," which he had sold Mr. Findlay, and discovered that it was a more modern fraud. Mr. Hekking, who acted with rigorous honesty in the whole transaction, immediately took steps against Cooke. He felt that he must build up a strong case before acting and for several months he sought more evidence. But meanwhile Cooke, perhaps made careless by success, got himself into trouble with the Boston police over a group of Van Rensselaer "heirlooms." He escaped arrest by jumping from the window of a house in Holyoke, Massachusetts.



A REAL WASHINGTON PORTRAIT

Painted by Charles Willson Peale from life in 1795. Property of the New York Historical Society. Four members of the Peale family pictured Washington at the same sittings in different media

Another fraudulent Washington, likewise exposed in 1930, was the handiwork of a young artist who quite legitimately earns his living by making, at a few hundred dollars each, acknowledged copies of one of the Stuart portraits which has for some years been hung in one of America's most noted museums. Somehow one of these copies —they are excellent, by the way—got into the South, where it was admirably "antiqued," re-backed with old canvas, and sent up to a New York dealer on approval for $700. The "antiquing" was so good that another dealer, Mr. F. D. Bailey, of the highest reputation, was completely fooled. He had a customer who wanted a Stuart, and sold him this one for more than $30,000. If the re-backing had not come loose, thus exposing the stamp with which the museum marks all its authorized copies, this three-year-old masterpiece would still be one of the chief pieces in a noted financier's collection.

Thus it goes; and is likely to go indefinitely unless—which is most unlikely —the present value of Washington portraits should sufficiently decrease so that dishonesty will cease to be particularly profitable. Yet it is rare indeed that any reputable dealer is the responsible party. In most cases a dealer who knows little about Washingtoniana and less about Stuart—except in his own conceit—is offered a picture at a very low price. It looks more or less right. His excitement at a "find" and his legitimate desire for profit get the better of his caution. He takes a chance and sells the picture as a Stuart for thousands of dollars.

The general public, one might think, need be little concerned over such events. What if a few collectors do get cheated? For two reasons, however, the public has a very real interest at stake. Often rich men in America give their art collections to public institutions, and if there is any value whatever in knowing what one of our nation's most admired men did look like, it is important that only authentic portraits be so designated. Every fake serves to confuse the image which a grateful people bear in remembrance. To this end it is important that disinterested scholars in Washington portraiture should be encouraged to expose frauds, conscious or unconscious; it is particularly important that official bodies, when they have occasion to deal with portraits of Washington, should make use of the services of tried and indubitably honest experts. This is, unfortunately, almost never the case.

Right now a Congressional Commission, of which Representative Sol Bloom of New York is Director, is preparing for 1932 a monster, nation-wide celebration of the bicentennial of George Washington. Many of its activities are admirable, although some seem prompted more by enthusiasm to honor Washington than by love of historical truth or dignity. Among these activities is the selection of an official portrait. The statement of its plans, issued by the Commission, contains the following sentences on this subject:

> Congress has also provided for the reproduction in color of a portrait of George Washington especially for distribution to the schools of the country, so that in 1932 no schoolroom will be without its picture of him. Since there are about 50 portraits of George Washington believed to have been from life, and since some of the most distinguished artists of his time were granted sittings, it can be understood that this task of selecting a portrait which may be relied upon to be both a good likeness and a portrait carrying inspiration to the youth of America is one of considerable difficulty.

To accomplish this difficult task, a committee has been chosen. It is an unfortunate fact that not a single member of the committee has ever published any important contribution to the study of Washington life portraiture. They are all men distinguished as scholars, painters, administrators, or antiquarians, but none of them is as well qualified to choose an official portrait of Washington as a half dozen other gentlemen, all available, and all lifelong students of the subject. In the literature distributed

(Please Turn to Page 315)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Color in Our Foreign News ◀◀

By CARLETON BEALS

FRANCO leads air-revolt in Spain. —Chinese seize Manchurian railroad.—Abyssinia crowns new King.

Headlines such as these mean far more to the American public than before the war, which hurtled us into the wide arena of international affairs. Since the Spanish-American conflict, and especially since 1918, our political, financial and commercial activities have encircled the globe; our flag has swept around the five seas. Psychologically we have not fully awakened to the full significance of this transformation. For many of our new enterprises, our government has developed no adequate administrative machinery, though our executive power and our navy have leaped into the breach to shoulder the grave responsibility for our Caribbean interventions—a hybrid policy of alternating brutality and sentimentality, occasionally tempered by publicity and Congressional investigations.

Whatever one's theories about the management of our foreign policies, the *sine qua non* of intelligent participation in world affairs is knowledge of alien peoples and governments and our own relations to them—knowledge honestly gathered and widely disseminated. Three major factors shape foreign news: the organ in which it appears, the personal medium by which it is gathered, interpreted and transmitted; and the sources. This article is not concerned with why Mr. Hearst printed fake documents on Mexico, or why the *Wall Street Journal* opposed Mr. Morrow's efforts, or why the New York *Herald Tribune* is friendly to England or the New York *World* frequently anti-French or the Chicago *Tribune* anti-Mussolini; or why one paper may prefer Riga rumor rather than Moscow messages censored by Mr. Podolsky of the Soviet Press Bureau. Newspapers have policies which influence their treatment of foreign news. A definite slant to events is also given by the large international agencies: The Associated Press is Tory and diplomatic; the United Press is liberal and more daring; the International News and Universal Service reflect the Hearst tenor.

The present article is concerned with the correspondent and his obstacles in gathering legitimate news. The correspondent—one of three hundred odd—is the channel through which most of our foreign information flows. He must deal with the problems of rapidity and accuracy in the face of official misrepresentations, interested propaganda and censorship.

As at home, the American reporter abroad is bound by the insistent demand for spot news, frequently of a sensational, dramatic or gossipy character—the death of a Lenin, a Hitlerite riot, the hole in the Prince of Wales' sock, Mussolini's opinions on spaghetti. This spot news demand, plus high cable tolls, works against adequate interpretation of such highlight episodes. International events come to us like jumping-jacks pulled by invisible strings. The hidden strings are far more important than the puppets. In domestic news we can often supply our own background; in foreign news false analogies with the foreign scene throws the whole picture out of focus. Recent Latin-American dispatches told of picturesque troop movements, but gave little inkling of the social forces at work; such reports are like corn tassels without kernels. Only a few leading papers have space to provide interpretive material which gives the clue significance to the cable message cabala.

This spot news demand ties the correspondent day and night to a cable end. Few representatives, though usually required to "cover" an entire nation, are able to sever this umbilical connection and travel more than a few miles from the capital city in which they file their messages. Such correspondents—and I have met them in twenty-two countries—acquire ready knowledge of foreign political intrigue, but, through no fault of their own, they have little opportunity to search into deeper social, economic and cultural values, even if they could use them.

When I first went to Mexico, twelve years ago, most of the news emanated from *Las Tranvías* saloon across from the cable office. In this amiable atmosphere, the knights of the pen imbibed with petty officials until, brains warmed to a sensational story, they stampeded to the wire. Fortunately there and in most parts of the world—except where "shoe-string" men must be utilized—the calibre of the correspondents has steadily improved; news gathering has become better organized, a more serious task. The information sent out has broadened. Now and then a brilliant correspondent such as Walter Duranty, the Moscow outpost of the New York *Times,* courageously transcends all difficulties, acquires a profound knowledge of the country, and finds loyal cooperation with his paper in providing information of a high order. Other supercorrespondents are Harold Callendar of the New York *Times,* Paul Scott Mowrer and John Gunther of the Chicago *Daily News,* Louis Fisher and W. H. Chamberlain, some of whom have written important books on contemporary world affairs, and who carry on worthily the traditions of Stanley and Davis.

Correspondents are human beings with particular viewpoints about life and affairs which inevitably color the most honest reporting. No two observers capture the same news values in the same event. Being "gyped" by a Paris taxi-driver, dislike of German pigs knuckles, an official slight, not to mention such recondite determinants as stomachs, livers and glands, influence news. The correspondent's position forces him to make a personal adjustment, not precisely on the basis of honest reporting, but with due regard to the *milieu,* the policy of his "outfit," and his own innate beliefs—a complex of special interests. The most honest truth is a reflection thrice removed and further.

The requisite of spot news imposes other habits. The factotum of the press must be able to tap any source of information at a moment's notice, must be on good terms with the right person who can inform him authoritatively without delay on new taxes affecting American property, a proposed loan, the Yugoslav reaction to Italianization of Albania, and what not. Nine times out of ten, the source is official; he is obliged to maintain a cordial entente with the government, hence often his reports must be slightly colored, deleted or camouflaged, otherwise sources of information might be frozen up. An extreme example: The Rome correspondent of a great Chicago daily, prior to the march on Rome, was bitterly anti-Fascist, but within less than a week after Mussolini's advent to power he was shipping off highly eulogistic accounts. Amazingly enough, the paper was quite complacent about this change of front, and, so far as I know, lost no readers.

In some countries news corruption is the established practice. Officials are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then suspicious of a newspaper man who does not accept favors. Here and there a "copy-hound" betrays his profession by doing so, but such are the rare exceptions. In Italy and Jugoslavia official attempts have been made secretly to subsidize correspondents' cable tolls. An American daily's representative in Mexico sent in a fake story of petroleum wells turning to salt water—to please an oil company and participate in market profits. More subtle influences exist. In Italy and Spain, new press club headquarters were subsidized by the respective governments. The Association of American Correspondents in London was promoted by a British cabinet minister. With this goes the insidious corruption from too good fellowship, fancy embassy and state dinners, cigars, drinks, the occasional bestowing of the Order of Hyppolytus—all the rigmarole of the "good-will censorship."

Officialdom everywhere is a source of news. Official falsification of news is greater in dictatorial countries, also the pressure to send such news. Most governments maintain press bureaus to assist correspondents by dishing out propaganda of varying degrees of honesty; they coordinate all official information, issue statements, compile statistics, arrange interviews, sometimes proffer railway passes and other favors. Sir Arthur Willet in England, Count Capasso-Torre in Italy, Mr. Kalopthakes in Greece, Mr. Popoff in Bulgaria, Mr. Rothstein in Russia, Mr. Retinger in Mexico are or have been bureau-heads well known to American journalists.

Some governments maintain outright propaganda bureaus. The Soviet government dispenses cultural information in many languages and maintains a Washington information bureau under Mr. Svirsky. In Berlin the daily bulletin release, the *International Press Correspondent,* edited by Mr. Alpary, former assistant to Bela Kun, sends Communist news around the world. The Finnish bureau's handbooks leave no doubt regarding Finland's importance in the general scheme of things. All Italian legations and embassies are liberally supplied for free distribution with pamphlets which prove irrefutably that Fascism is mankind's long-lost Utopia. Charles Irwin helps protect the Mexican revolution against Communists, Knights of Columbus, and Wall Street. In addition, the Trens service, subsidized by the Mexican Foreign Office, syndicates to American and Latin-American papers. Until recently the Mexican Department of Industry, Commerce and Labor, with the help of Americans, Germans and Poles, conducted a news agency to send out regular releases all over the world, particularly to the labor and radical press. Greece also maintains a Washington propaganda bureau. Other governments have paid publicity agents here and abroad. It requires a strong swimmer to move upstream against this tide of one-sided propaganda.

Foreign governments also control

Associated Press

KENT COOPER

Who is President of the Associated Press, one of the largest news agencies in the world

news through censorship. Inevitably the correspondent tends to shape his messages so they will be passed. Remarked Mr. Karl Bickel, President of the United Press, in his 1930 Williamstown address:

> In almost three-fourths of the so-called civilized world the news emanating from the various nations . . . . is . . . . controlled by a governmental censorship. Never in the history of the modern world in peace times have so many nations attempted to color and shape the news in their own favor or against their potential enemies. . . . All of Russia, all of China, almost all of Latin America, all of Southeastern Europe, Italy, Spain and Portugal, India, Egypt, Java, Mexico and Poland are more or less in the censorship game. In other places it is secret, vicious and wholly evil.

Not infrequently cables are mysteriously delayed, or because of some minor technical mistake in filing, are returned to the sender for correction—too late for use. Many governments, as in Spain, Italy, Russia, Mexico, Venezuela, Cuba, the Balkans, systematically ransack the mails for critical comment, which is held up or delayed; and sometimes the sender suffers annoyances, even arrest.

Censorship automatically gives pseudo-validity to exaggerated border reports. Riga, Bucharest, Berlin, Paris, Constantinople—though dominated by emigrées—become authoritative on Soviet affairs; Hendaye and Roussilon on Spain; Nice, Zagreb and Belgrade on Italy. It is much easier to assassinate Stalin or nationalize Russian women in Riga than in Moscow. Nogales and Laredo have had Mexico City's streets running with blood when the inhabitants did not even know a revolution was in progress.

Besides having to beware of gladhand propaganda and to wriggle past the censorship, the correspondent is reduced to great dependency on the local press in his capital. Some of the international news services and the leading New York and Chicago dailies have arrangements with one or more papers abroad to use, if desired, all mail and cable copy. Every correspondent, since he cannot do the work of hundreds of reporters and cover personally all angles of foreign events even in the capital let alone in an entire country, must draw heavily upon foreign papers for "paste pot" news. But the native press is often venal or coerced by the government; true information is suppressed or distorted. In Russia, the *Pravda, Izvestia, Komsomolskaya,* all publications, are governmental or Communist organs. In Italy the free press was sacked and burned. In Spain censorship rules important information from the columns. The French press is notoriously venal; and in most of Europe restrictions of varying rigor exist. In Latin America, except for two or three countries, the press is largely owned, subsidized, or intimidated by the various governments. The American correspondent needs remarkable agility—and many of them have it—to ferret out suppressed material (which he uses at his risk) and discern the falsity of published accounts.

The American press is fortunate that its international news agencies are not government-owned or subsidized as are Tass (Soviet Union), Pat (Poland), Rengo (Japan), Reuter (England), Avala (Jugoslavia), Havas (France), Duems and Wolff (Germany), Stefani

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Italy). On the other hand, nearly all these agencies tie up with the Associated Press. While the Associated Press thus gets advantageous prior access to official reports, it is also more obligated to carry them in official form, i. e., with all the inherent propaganda.

Along with censorship, governments can resort to overt coercion. In Russia, where the government controls all minutiae of life, including food and shelter, drastic measures can be taken. One representative of an international agency wrote me that his food cards had been withdrawn. In Mexico, correspondents have been taken forcibly to the Department of Interior to explain stories sent in—as happened to Geseford Fine, the able representative of the United Press. Others (including myself) have been seized by military commandants and held incommunicado. In Spain, under Primo de Rivera, Señor Alvarez del Vayo, the brilliant news-gatherer for the Manchester *Guardian* and *La Nación* of Buenos Aires, was jailed for telephoning out the first account of the Sánchez Guerra revolt. George Seldes of the Chicago *Tribune* had to leave Russia and was deported from Italy. Both Mr. Horan and his employer, Mr. Hearst, received their walking-papers from France. New York *Times* men have been thrown out of Rumania and Mexico. Hearst and Chicago *Tribune* men have been arrested and shipped out of Mexico like beasts of prey. Renzo Rendi, an employee of the Chicago *Daily News* and literary contributor to the New York *Times*, was "railroaded" by the Mussolini government for fifteen years to a desert penal island. Many another correspondent, to obviate more serious trouble for his "outfit," has departed post-haste from Italy, Spain, Russia, Mexico, Cuba and other countries.

Though our press is not government-controlled, another sphere of influence the correspondent abroad must ever consider is the American diplomatic representative. A goodly number of news services and large dailies query our diplomatic and consular representatives as to whether a proposed journalist is *persona grata*, an endorsement which carries with it tacit obligation to orient news according to official desires. A representative of a New York daily, sent to Nicaragua during the Sandino revolt, confessed to me that, having been brought from Bluefields to Managua in a marine plane, he could not, because of this and other courtesies, write too freely of certain things for his paper. Yet it is sometimes essential and healthy to send news not entirely pleasing to our official circles.

Here, also, the too independent correspondent runs personal risk. Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson caused the dismissal of Robert H. Murray, one of the ablest journalists ever covering Mexico, because the latter exposed the Ambassador's misinformation discrediting President Madero, misinformation which helped hoist Huerta into power. Did any newspaper man dare point out that the policy of our representative at the Court of St. James, prior to our entry into the World War, was diametrically opposed to that of President Wilson? At no time were facts more needed than just prior to 1917, yet a dozen correspondents have told me they dared not file certain stories frowned upon by our official representatives. When our own envoys and a given local government are at loggerheads, then all the astuteness of the journalist is required to slip between Scylla and Charybdis and not freeze up official sources or offend diplomatic infallibility. Under such a stress the ideal of honest news is necessarily lost sight of.

A few years ago the Associated Press blundered into transmitting a fake rumor propagated by a State Department official on Mexican and Central American affairs. In 1928, the representative of the United Press in Nicaragua was Clifford D. Ham, Collector of Customs; of the Associated Press, his assistant, Mr. Irving Lindbergh. Between them they supplied practically exclusive information at a time when American marines were being killed in that so-called republic. In both Haiti and Nicaragua, marine officers have represented some of the important news services and papers—an automatic bar to impartial reporting.

Often, too, large American financial and business interests abroad resent the correspondent's attempt at impartiality. American press representatives in much of Latin America, the Balkans, the Near East and elsewhere, are frequently employees of large American corporations —most regrettable from the honest news angle, however much this arrangement is necessitated by the inability to maintain more than a "shoe-string" man rather than an independent correspondent at full salary. On occasion, large interests have maintained news and publicity bureaus in New York or Washington to fight a foreign government—as the Association of Petroleum Producers in Mexico and the Association for the Protection of American Lives and Property in Mexico—supported in the beginning largely by Doheny.

This entire problem of securing consistently accurate and intelligently interpreted news is crucial for the achievement of any enlightened guidance of our foreign policies. Wrote Philip Gibbs recently: "The tradition that foreign affairs are beyond the judgment of the 'common people' and belong to the holy of holies, which the mob must not penetrate—though it is the mob that does most of the dying when things go wrong —has not yet been abandoned." Certainly even our ever-right officials could occasionally profit by sounder information. Mr. Kellogg, involved in the 1927 Mexican petroleum wrangle, was unable to name correctly the American interests he was presumably protecting. If Mr. Stimson had known more of Brazilian and Guatemalan affairs, he might have avoided his recent egregious blunders.

The limitations of the mediums for which the foreign correspondent is obliged to produce his copy, the spot news technique, the numerous special interests desirous of hushing up honest information, official pressure and distortion— these and other factors tend to abort the ideal of complete and honest reporting. However much most correspondents, news organizations and newspapers try to maintain a high criterion, the very nature of foreign news gathering imposes inevitable restrictions. But until we have the right sort of information from abroad, we are likely to be led ever deeper into foreign situations which may affect our whole national destiny, our future peace and happiness in ways deleterious for ourselves. Our whole future in world affairs is tied up with this general problem.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Racing Bobs ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

DID you ever wake from a troubled sleep with that all-gone feeling in the pit of your stomach and a shivery sensation of falling down, down, down into a bottomless abyss?

Adventurous souls, endowed with courage, leisure and money, have actually tasted in broad daylight and while fully conscious the tingling thrills which that familiar nightmare evokes. We refer to those iron-nerved, keen-eyed, deft-fingered daredevils who skyrocket down the corkscrew-like run at St. Moritz at better than a mile a minute astride that roaring replica of a Jovian thunderbolt—the racing bob-sleigh. Theirs is the champagne of speed sensations.

In Europe, the aviator who becomes fed up with the prosaic, relatively unstimulating business of piloting a plane, turns to bob-sledding for the speed thrills he is denied in the air. At St. Moritz, the most famous of Swiss winter resorts, you will find automobile racers, big-game hunters, polo players and devotees of other hazardous sports, mounting the bob run to sample gravity's heady wine—an exhilaration surpassing anything known in their respective games.

Americans, domiciled in Switzerland, took so naturally to this intoxicating pastime that they carried off the 1928 Olympic bob sleigh championships in both the four place and two-seater events, but not until this winter could they indulge this ecstatic hobby on their native heath.

Today, thanks to the enterprising executives of the Lake Placid Club, America boasts a bob sled run even faster and more scientific in design than the renowned slide at St. Moritz. The 1932 Winter Olympic bob sled races will be held at Lake Placid, Adirondacks, next February, on the breath-taking course created by Stanislaus Zentzytski, Germany's expert bob sleigh run engineer.

Spiralling down the precipitous slopes of Mount Van Hovenberg, the American Olympic bob run covers a mile and a half, its ribbon-like track mushrooming out fanwise on the seventeen gentle bends or sickening corners which punctuate its eye-dazzling length.

The narrow-gauge straightaway track is made of glaring ice on which speeds in excess of seventy miles an hour are attained. The banked curves, contoured scientifically to hold a speeding bob, are taken at sixty miles an hour or better! There is a wide variety of turns, from the right-angle, steeply cambered corner called "White Face," down to the treacherous S curve known as "Zig Zag." Even more spectacular than either is the hairpin loop at "Shady Corner," a dizzy change of direction which will remind motor racing enthusiasts of the Vanderbilt cup course's double reverse curve near Hicksville, L. I. The turns are sheathed with a thin film of hard-packed snow, rarely exceeding one-sixteenth of an inch in depth.

To Oscar Geier, a Swiss sportsman now residing in New York, I am indebted for a comparison between bob sleigh courses and equipment in Switzerland and America. Mr. Geier qualifies as an expert, since he holds many medals won abroad, and will act as brakeman on the team which is to represent Switzerland in next winter's Olympics.

The cardinal difference in course design between Lake Placid's run and the St. Moritz course lies in the character of the curves. Generally speaking, the Swiss turns are built on level terrain, are situated on the flat areas interspersed between down slopes. Some of them involve a slight grade, but the drop is mild compared to that on the Mt. Van Hovenberg curves.

The Swiss Bob Sled Team which has been competing at Lake Placid, New York

Swiss trained bob sled skippers will be amazed to find that the Lake Placid turns are built on a pronounced down grade, the track dropping away even as it twists to right or left. German bob sled pilots won't share this surprise, for they are accustomed to "dipping curves."

Naturally the down slope makes for greater velocity on the turns, but St. Moritz steersmen will be startled to learn that the Lake Placid sloping curves necessitate a radical change in driving technic. On a level turn, for example, it is sound practice to enter the banked curve fairly low, zoom up in a rainbow arc and descend gradually from the bank. The bob sled thus describes a graceful parabola along the steep side of the dished ice wall.

Such tactics might have disastrous consequences at Lake Placid. Mr. Geier can speak from first-hand experience—for he missed a possible fatal accident by a gnat's whisker margin when taking Zig Zag curve via the Swiss method.

Unhappily, St. Moritz's meat proved to be Lake Placid's poison. "When we started to mount the bank after a typically Swiss low entrance at the bottom of the curve" said Geier, "we discovered that we couldn't swing the bob around to head downward again.

"That was an unpleasant moment, I can assure you. We hadn't allowed for the sharp drop on the curve. Our bob, headed for the upper rim, seemed certain to plunge over the bank. It was so close a shave that our outside steel runner came within five inches of the brink! Beyond the bank a line of trees stands within five feet of the course—a disquieting thought.

"Somehow, our steersman swung the bob around at the last second and we veered down the course with hearts that were skipping every other beat. That experience prompted a drastic change in our curve-taking technic.

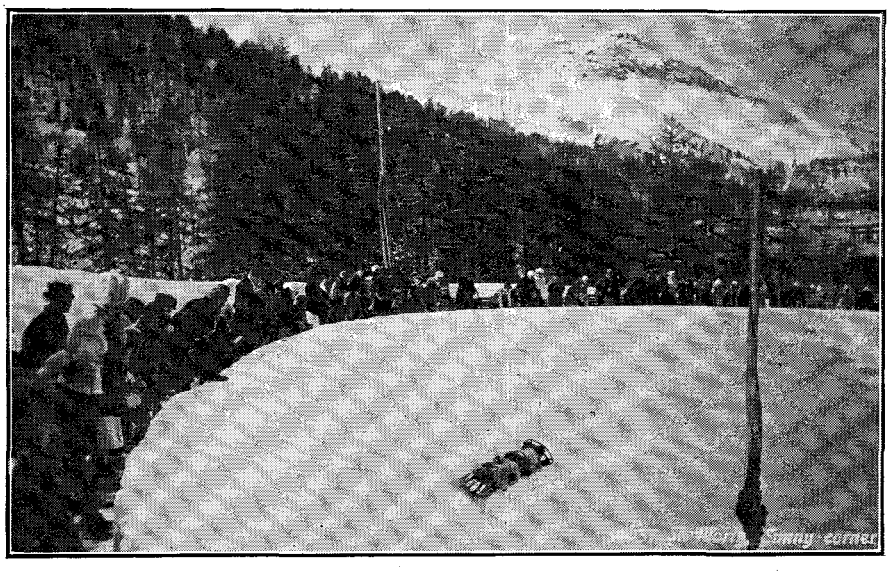
"We watched American teams, manned by Lake Placid crews, shoot the corners and noted that each pilot started the curve as high up as he could safely go, hugged the upper sector of the wall momentarily and then shot obliquely down the track. This 'high dive' technic gave the bob added impetus, yet made for safety as well, in view of the down-slope character of the turn. Thenceforth we did the same."

European teams must enter the Lake Placid curves high or risk a possible fatality. At St. Moritz, trees are not permitted within fifty feet of the bob run, whereas at Lake Placid they rub elbows

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the course. The American Olympic bob sleigh committee is not responsible for this sylvan hazard. Painstaking officials made strenuous efforts to have the border belt cleared of trees, but New York State authorities, anxious to preserve the Adirondack forest region intact, refused to sanction the removal of trees that were not actually in the path of the proposed run. A broad treeless "safety zone" paralleling the course is a salient characteristic of European bob sled slides.

Lake Placid's run is probably faster than the St. Moritz course, though the former's extra quarter mile of length makes time comparisons undependable. The mile and a half Mt. Van Hovenberg course was covered in 1 minute 52 seconds —by the recent A. A. U. title winners piloted by Harry Homberger of Saranac. He and his three mates looked like Harvard football players in their flaming crimson jerseys, topped by red face masks and scarlet helmets.



"SUNNY CORNER" AT ST. MORITZ
Rounding an acutely banked turn at express train speed

The Lake Placid run lacks the scenic grandeur which St. Moritz derives from the sky-scraping panorama of snow-capped Alpine peaks, but the Mt. Van Hovenberg course has a rugged backwoods beauty peculiar to the winter-bound Adirondacks. Less luxurious and sophisticated in surroundings than its Swiss prototype, the Lake Placid run caters more efficiently to the comfort and convenience of contestants and spectators.

Platforms have been built overlooking each curve and point of vantage so that onlookers may get a bird's-eye view of the careening bobs which announce their approach by a raspy, buzz-saw sound audible a half-mile away. Bonfires, blazing on each platform, keep spectators warm between spills, while an elaborate system of announcing informs bystanders of the progress of each entrant. You can tell what's happening before and after the bob goes slewing past your impromptu grandstand.

One need not harbor the sadistic hope of seeing a crack-up to get a kick out of watching bob sleds take a hairpin curve. The gull-like swoop of the banking sled, suspended fly fashion high up on the flaring side wall, the metallic thrum of steel runners on ice, the plumes of powdered snow, the rhythmic sway of brightly clad bodies heeling over in unison toward the low side, the rending, hissing backwash of sound as the bob straightens out—these kaleidoscopic impressions combine to form an unforgettable picture with sound effects more realistic than Hollywood's.

And now for those grotesque looking, low slung vehicles—the bob sleighs themselves. A four place racing bob must not exceed 485 pounds in dead weight or 12½ feet in length. The Swiss type bob is equipped with two pairs of solid steel runners, fore and aft, whereas the American style sleigh has steel-shod wooden runners. The latter appears faster and is certainly more durable, since all-steel runners are prone to warp and bend out of shape—much to the satisfaction of St. Moritz blacksmiths. These overworked smithies will suffer financially if the American style steel-faced wooden runners become popular overseas.

Swiss bobs are steered either by an automobile wheel or by tiller ropes terminating in ring-type hand grips. The ropes give a more sensitive touch, in the opinion of some experts, being especially responsive where "boblets" (two-seater sleighs) are concerned, but the motor car steering wheel is better adapted to the heavy four-place bob sleds. The pilot must guard against wheel-whip or "shimmy."

American Olympic bobs are designed with steering wheels only and solely for crews which assume a sitting posture. The prone position, so popular in Switzerland, isn't allowed on the Lake Placid run. That course is too fast for the lying-down style of sledding.

The uninitiated should be warned that a bob sled has nothing in common with the stodgy, runnerless toboggan save that both coast down grade. The toboggan is merely a glorified version of the dinner tray upon which we slid downstairs in childhood days when our parents weren't looking. It cannot be steered.

On a bob sleigh, the steersman sits in front, gripping the wheel—the most dangerous and responsible position. Upon his judgment in taking the curves and his skill at keeping the bob straight on the stretches depends the safety of the crew and the speed of the bob sled.

Tenths of a second count in bob sled racing and the pilot can save them by hitting the turns at the maximum speed consistent with reasonable safety. While the skipper must gamble coldbloodedly, it doesn't pay to be too reckless, for one crash may mean defeat as well as serious injury.

The skipper's three team mates sit behind him in single file. Next to steering a bob, the brakeman, bringing up the rear, has the most important post. On his own initiative he must decide whether to brake just prior to reaching a curve or take a chance that the bob can double the bend at full speed without skidding to the inside or going over the top. If he brakes unnecessarily, precious seconds are wasted.

Braking on a turn is an unpardonable sin, banned by the rules and by common sense. When a bob sled is canted over on a brinked turn at right angles to the ground, the application of the brakes would precipitate a barrel-roll spill or somersault. Besides, the three-pronged brake fork would rip dangerous gashes in the smooth side-wall and endanger the crews behind.

The two middlemen act as ballast, but though they do not exercise any manual

(Please Turn to Page 317)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Battling for the Workers ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

NEVER have industries made greater efforts to keep their workers employed through a slack period than during the past year. The United States Steel Corporation, for example, though operating at the end of the year at less than 40 per cent of capacity, actually carried on its payrolls about 2,000 more employees than constituted its average working force during the busy year 1929. This is not an isolated case. From all parts of the country come reports of establishments which have undertaken to give every regular employee his share of the available work, though obviously this means much part-time employment.

This is a humane policy, and it is also to the best interest of employers, because in this way they can keep their organizations intact and have an adequate force of workers on hand when business improvement sets in. Figures of total unemployment are inadequate, but those of part-time work are even more so. Some idea of the extent of part time may be obtained, however, from a survey made early in December by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company among its industrial policyholders in forty-six large cities.

This showed rather startling results. Of the workers, 54.9 per cent were employed on full time, 21.3 per cent on part time, and 23.8 per cent were without jobs.

The number of persons engaged in gainful occupations in the United States is estimated in round numbers at 45,000,000. About a third of these are in business for themselves or are engaged in agricultural labor, leaving about 30,000,000 who may be classed as industrial wage-earners. If the percentage of unemployment and part time found for the forty-six cities is applied to them it would appear that there are some 7,000,000 out of work and about 6,000,000 on part time.

These totals are staggering, if true; but President Ecker of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company points out that conditions in the large cities are worse than in the small towns, and also that unemployment among the industrial policyholders is probably larger than for the community as a whole. President Hoover's Emergency Employment Committee has estimated the amount of unemployment for the entire country by correlating this survey with the federal census of unemployment of last April, and it concludes that at the time of the survey there were between 4,500,000 and 5,000,000 unemployed in the United States. The committee made no estimate of the number employed on part time, but if the relation between part time and unemployment found in the forty-six cities is typical of the rest of the country, there must be 4,000,000 to 4,500,000 persons working less than full time.

This large number, for reasons already indicated, reflects in part the efforts of employers to spread out the available work and hold their organizations together until conditions improve. Yet everything which has been done so far has failed to prevent unemployment from becoming the country's major problem. There were conferences at Washington a year ago at which the heads of railways, public utilities and big industrial corporations pledged themselves to carry through extensive construction programs. These pledges have been faithfully observed. The federal government and the states and municipalities have also embarked on enlarged programs of public works. All these measures have helped, but in spite of them employment conditions have become the worst the country has ever experienced.

CLOSELY linked with this cyclical unemployment is the new problem of technological unemployment, due to recent progress in the mechanization of industry. One by-product of this change has been the displacement of large numbers of older workers. The adoption by many business concerns of employee life insurance, sick benefits and pensions is a mark of social progress, but it has also made it increasingly difficult for workers past forty to obtain new jobs. Companies which provide retirement allowances for their aged employees are naturally reluctant to take on old or middle-aged men whom they will have to retire on a pension not many years later. The preference for young and vigorous workers is revealed by the census returns, which show that the average age of factory workers and miners is much below that of farmers and professional men.

We are approaching the time, then, when we must regard unemployment not as an accident but as something against which we should make systematic preparation, just as we prepare in advance for bad weather. The leading countries of Europe have already taken cognizance of this situation and have set up systems of unemployment insurance. These are now receiving a thorough test, and the results, especially in Germany and Great Britain, have not been altogether satisfactory.

So far this idea has made slow headway in this country. Efforts have been made to interest the legislatures of a number of the industrial states, but none of them has yet adopted a system. On the other hand, a number of important industrial companies have adopted some form of unemployment insurance. The pioneer in this work is the Dennison Manufacturing Company, whose plan has been in operation since 1916. The Procter and Gamble Company, soap manufacturers, are trying out a different system for stabilizing employment in their establishment; and especially important, because of the number of employees affected, is the plan recently adopted by the General Electric Company. Under this system the company and the workers contribute jointly to a fund out of which the employees will receive 50 per cent of their average earnings for as much as ten weeks in any year while they are unemployed.

These various forms of private unemployment benefits, while furnishing useful and humane experiments, afford protection to not more than 200,000 workers, a very small fraction of the great army of wage-earners. There is now much effort to extend the system further. At a recent conference in Albany of the governors of seven eastern industrial states it was decided that these states should join in making a study of the feasibility of inaugurating general insurance against unemployment by state action. Still more recently, the United States Senate has appointed a special committee to make a thorough study of the various insurance systems here and abroad.

It is well that this question is to be threshed out by experts. The experience with unemployment insurance in this country has been too limited, and in Europe it has been too unsatisfactory, to justify hasty action; and yet it is evident that we need some radical improvement in our present methods.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stream of Business

High Lights

OUR business circus continues under the big top, with new acts in the three rings. These are the decision that the radio tube "patent pooling" agreements are in violation of the Clayton act; the impetus given to oil merger rumors by the Socony-Vacuum decision; and the plan for reorganization of National Radiator Corporation.

The Federal Circuit Court of Appeals in Philadelphia affirmed on February 13 a decree of the District Court of Delaware which held that the Radio Corporation of America, General Electric, Westinghouse and allied companies had attained a monopoly over sale of radio tubes to dealers and manufacturers of receiving sets. The De Forest Company and joint plaintiffs must, however, continue the fight, as R. C. A. will appeal the case to the Supreme Court.

Monopoly in radio tubes, but none in oil. In its decision approving the Socony-Vacuum merger, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals at St. Louis held that "there are sound reasons for this merger, which are entirely sufficient and wholly unconnected with any desire to create a monopoly." As a result of the decision, many new merger rumors have been started, and most of the oil stocks made moderate advances.

Changed Buying Habits

A STUDY of corporation earnings for 1930 reveals a number of things in addition to the cheerless fact of a reduction of close to 25 per cent in net profits as compared with 1929. One of these is the remarkable determination of the buying public to continue, throughout the course of the depression, the buying of luxuries to which it had become accustomed during the boom period.

While sales of clothing, shoes and household supplies and equipment were at a low ebb, the amusement enterprises, restaurants, soft drinks and candy made distinct gains. The jewelry business prospered because of brisk demand for moderately priced articles, and particularly for novelties. Retailers of jewelry who concentrated on moving their old stocks of high-priced goods had a tough time of it, but those who featured the smaller and cheaper novelties did as well or better than in 1929.

By FRANK A. FALL

Tobacco, which may be classified as a luxury or a necessity, depending on one's personal point of view, had a good year. The outstanding feature of 1930 in this industry was the advance of cigarette sales as compared with those of cigars. For the first time in the history of the industry in the United States, a full package of 20 cigarettes was consumed for every cigar smoked.

While the phenomenal increase in cigarette sales during recent years has been due to a considerable extent to large-scale competitive advertising, other important factors have contributed to the result. One is, of course, the rapid spread of smoking among women. Another is the explosion, by the London *Lancet*, of a number of widely accepted fallacies in regard to the harmfulness of cigarette smoking. But possibly the chief reason of all is the discovery, by millions of people, that the cigarette offers the best short smoke of mild tobacco, in convenient form and at a reasonable price.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) February 12—76.3. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) February 12—66.9.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended January 31—719,281 cars (increase of 3,591 over preceding week; reduction of 179,613 under same week of 1930).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended February 7—50% of capacity (increase of 2% over preceding week; reduction of 28% under same week of 1930).

Crude Oil Production Week ended February 7—daily average gross 2,116,500 barrels (increase of 30,550 over preceding week; reduction of 497,300 under same week of 1930).

Grain Exports Week ended February 7—479,000 bushels (reduction of 189,000 under preceding week and of 2,124,000 under same week of 1930).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Five-day period ended February 12—$6,592,707,000 (reduction of 22.7% under preceding week and of 23.7% under same week of 1930).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Five-day period ended February 12—534 (reduction of 142 under preceding week and of 32 under same week of 1930).

Vagaries Series 15

THREE weeks collapse, as Professor Baer puts it so expressively, and it is again time to report on the strange doings and undoings that are relayed to us from all points of the compass. In the latest batch we discover:

1. That dog who (sic) got tired guarding a loft at 577 Greenwich Street, New York City; bowled over a telephone instrument; barked into it, and was rescued by the police.

2. That beggar, sleeping off a dose of dope, whose hat fell into his lap and was filled with about $25 in silver coins contributed by thoughtlessly charitable passers-by.

3. That Missouri inventor, appropriately named Cyrus V. See, who has devised a fishing outfit with a flashlight bulb which flashes when a fish is hooked and remains lighted until the quarry is removed.

4. That new ink substitute, penene, which threatens to put the good old office blotter permanently out of business. It dries by absorption into the fabric of the paper, and not by the old process of evaporation.

F. R. S. and Credit Control

IF THIS corner of the page has seemed to list heavily in the direction of banking during the past few weeks, it is not because we have deliberately chosen books on banking for review but rather because the bankers have suddenly become more than usually articulate.

Add, then, to the bibliography *The Federal Reserve System and the Control of Credit* (Macmillan $1.75) by Walter E. Spahr, professor of economics in New York University. And note that Dr. Spahr sticks closely to fundamentals that are of interest to all business men and others who are concerned with the problems of credit control.

For the Federal Reserve system the years 1914-1917 were years of organization and experimentation. Then came the war, during which Reserve policies were dominated by the Treasury. From 1920 to 1923 the Reserve authorities were busy trying to stem the tide of deflation and the subsequent rise of prices, so that it was not until 1923 that anything like normal banking policies and rate structures began to appear.

The Reserve authorities have consistently taken the position that they cannot stabilize the price level, and reserve the right to meet each new situation as it arises. The Board might, however, be somewhat less vague and secretive concerning the policies and principles which it follows in credit control, and we second Dr. Spahr's motion that it make a definite attempt to educate the public (and Congress) with respect to its basic operating principles.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

In American

IN THE Oklahoma run scene of the movie, *Cimarron,* there is a spectacle, scarcely an exaggeration of the historical event, which reminds such of the audience as had forgotten it that the race which settled America is the maddest in the world. Fire the imagination of these avid, lawless men with the promise of wealth and room to swing a cat and they are off. If they are to go under now, as many think they are, it will be because there is no more room in the world and no more gold except such as must be earned in safe and tedious ways.

Taking America and the men who settled it as a theme, you can set out three new books before yourself and, by striking first one and then another, can hear the harmonies of the song of adventurers and even its dying fall. There is *Puritan's Progress* by Arthur Train, novelist and chronicler of Mr. Tutt (Scribner's $3.50), an informal history of American manners, ideas, belief and conduct from Plymouth Rock to now. There is *The Course of Empire* (Coward-McCann $4), personal records of Forty-niners and Spanish Californians, edited by Valeska Bari. And there is *A Vagabond Trouper* (Harcourt, Brace $3.50), the story of Jefferson De Angelis' life by himself and Alvin F. Harlow.

Mr. Train knows a man who "once sat on the lap of a man who in turn had sat on the lap of a man who had attended the funeral of a passenger on the Mayflower" (to be exact, of Peregrine White, the child born on the Mayflower in Plymouth Harbor). Mr. Train was apparently struck, as well he might be, by that evidence of the nearness of the beginnings of our history, only "two laps" away. He has, it seems, a dislike of formal history, and like Mr. Ford, prefers to collect his history in kind—covered bridges for Mr. Ford, diaries and wills and conversations for Mr. Train. (Like Mr. Ford, too, Mr. Train is not always too accurate. Or perhaps it is the proof-reader who gives the date of the fall of Robespierre as the date of the death of Louis XV, spells Strachey's name wrong, and makes a good many other such mistakes.) Mr. Train's book is a compilation. It is "two laps" from the sources. Its writer has read books by men who have read books by men who have studied the sources and formed conclusions about them. But inasmuch as his book appears to perpetuate no misconceptions, it has escaped the worst dangers of compilations. It has some original matter in it in the form of diaries and letters, and it is history conveniently and agreeably built on the frame of the Train family tree. For the remoter ancestors, for the great-grandfather who fought at Lexington and the grandfather who was a preacher in Framingham, there are the usual stories and attitudes. The Trains were not among the more adventurous settlers. They stayed near the coast where there was protection and order. But they were adventurous. They criticized freely and did as they pleased. And Mr. Train does well in reiterating the information that they, in common with thousands, came to America to seek their fortunes. We so easily forget that not all the settlers of New England came there in order to preach hell-fire and sing hymns.

Woodcut by Clare Leighton from a beautiful new edition of H. M. Tomlinson's "The Sea and the Jungle" (Harper)

In 1852, President Fillmore offered Mr. Train's father a position as judge of the Supreme Court of Oregon. He did not accept the appointment. From that point in Mr. Train's book one hears the dying fall in the American song. The book becomes more amusing. It becomes less heartening. The title suggests that the author is one of our optimists. The record which he makes of the old America is neither a sentimental nor a distorted one. He does not see the Puritans either as demi-gods or as devils. Nevertheless, their story as he retells it has gusto. And that quality is lacking in the diverting account of Victorian and contemporary America which is the last half of the book. Mr. Train has a smiling irony for the follies and notions and even achievements of our immediate forbears. He has gathered together so much data about them that the historical novelist, choosing the seventies, eighties, nineties, and early nineteen hundreds for his scene, can get most of the necessary local color in this one book. But for the contemporary world Mr. Train has considerable respect. He is not deceived by speed. But he pins great hopes upon the rule of benevolent plutocrats, upon divorce and upon the illusionless younger generation.

If Mr. Train's father had accepted the offer of the Oregon judgeship, there would have been a different story to tell. Part of what it would have been is told in the reports of the Forty-niners which Valeska Bari edits. Going to Oregon would not have been very different from going to California. There might have been the overland trip by covered wagon,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YALE

A HISTORY of RUSSIA

Revised Edition

By George Vernadsky

To his comprehensive survey of Russian History Professor Vernadsky now adds his comment on the progress of the five-year economic plan and other events up to January, 1930.

"The most satisfactory short history of Russia accessible in English."

New York Times.

$4.00

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
NEW HAVEN · CONNECTICUT

the trip by way of the Isthmus of Panama, boat, donkey-back, boat, or the trip around the Horn in a windjammer. Any way it was done it was terrible. In *The Course of Empire,* we find the first-hand stories of these different trips in the diary of William G. Johnston of Pennsylvania, who was in Stewart's wagon train, the first into California in '49, in John Audubon's diary of the journey overland by the Mexican border route, a trip made ghastly by the extra hazard of cholera, in the letters written home by Dr. J. D. B. Stillman who went by way of Cape Horn in a sailing vessel, and in John M. Letts' account of his trip by way of the Isthmus, potentially the shortest but often the slowest way. The stories are thrilling. They are augmented by the records and journals of James Marshall, the man who discovered gold at Sutter's Mill, and of men who speculated in land, in supplies, in food, who lived through flood and fire, who dug and washed and panned for treasure, of men who succeeded and men who failed, of men who preached in the streets of San Francisco, in front of saloons and gambling rooms and brothels, and of men who established the Vigilance committees and shaped bedlam into a territory. There are, too, the stories of the dispossessed, of Spaniards who saw their old land change and slip from them. And there is even the story of a woman who went out to San Francisco and didn't like the climate.

Following hard on the days of the Forty-niners is the story of an American actor who was born in San Francisco in 1859, the son of an actor who had dug for gold and ridden pony express for the Adams Company. Jefferson De Angelis has devoted five-sixths of his book to the first twenty-eight years of his life and "crowded the last forty-three into a few pages." In the first twenty-eight he trouped the world. "One-fourth Irish, one-fourth German, one-fourth Anglo-Saxon, and one-fourth Corsican," De Angelis is the true product of the melting-pot. He seems inclined to attribute the emphasis which he has, by nature, put upon the adventurous years to the Corsican fourth. We credit it to quite another quarter.

Strike on these books, one by one, and you will hear the American version of the adventurer's song. In *The Course of Empire* read about the men waiting for letters in the San Francisco post office. Then read in *Puritan's Progress* of how, two years ago, "a lonely radio-man on the upper Amazon tossed a random message across the jungle, 'If any one in Manhattan picks this up, please call Plaza 4376 and ask how my wife is,' and in less than six minutes got the reply: 'Wife O.K. Sends love.'" There is the dying fall to the adventurer's song. This new world is nice for the wife. It makes a cozy room. But not a room in which one can swing a cat.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

"MRS. FISCHER'S WAR" by Henrietta Leslie (Houghton, Mifflin $2.50). This book fully deserves Mr. Galsworthy's praise for its "moving sincerity of feeling." It was written, we are told, on her publisher's desire to see another kind of war book than those of "blood, mud and obscenity." This is a woman's presentation of mental and moral suffering in the household when its members are divided in national allegiance. Mrs. Fischer's husband, long resident in England, was German by birth, not naturalized in England; and when the clash came he found himself impelled to fight for Germany; her son, a fine lad, was loyal to England, and enlisted even before he was legally eligible. Mrs. Fischer, herself wholly English by birth, is devoted to both, and both return to her,—the husband blind, the son crippled. She had been turned out of her clubs, not allowed to work in hospital or supply station, ignored and insulted by her London friends. That little letter c in her name, Fischer, practically made her an outcast. Inevitably painful as this situation must be, it is treated with reserve and does not lapse into sentimental or lachrymose expression. To quote Galsworthy again, those women married to "alien enemies," however devoted and patriotic, "were crucified like the rest of us by the facts of war, but they were crucified by the almost inhuman attitude of fellow-humans." Here is one more indictment against the mercilessness of war.

"ZEPPELIN" by Margaret Goldsmith (Morrow $3). "My Life Story: From Archduke to Grocer," by Leopold Wolfing (Dutton $5). Two biographies of men of our time deal with persons as far apart as the poles in character and accomplishment. Zeppelin, as appears in Margaret Goldsmith's brief but well written and well-proportioned volume, bent his life to one purpose. True, he was over fifty when he started to make a dirigible airship, and he was sixty-eight when it flew just seventeen minutes; but he had been interested in balloons since he had made his first ascent at St. Paul, Minnesota, in Civil War times. Always, his biographer says, for him "the unknown, whether in the actual world or in the realm of invention, had an unspeakable attraction." His life was one of arduous labor for a single purpose and was free from a desire for popularity or pleasure. Not so with Leopold Wolfing, ex-Archduke of Tuscany, who fills a rather large volume. It does not appear that Leopold was either a good archduke or a good grocer. If he has done any valiant or valuable service to the world, it does not appear. He claims that he knocked down the Crown Prince of Austria; that he persuaded the future queen of Saxony to elope with a music-master; that he was forced by his wife into becoming a vegetarian and living naked out of doors; that he was persecuted by the Emperor, and that some people said he was an *enfant terrible,* others that he was insane (among them the Emperor). Of course he has his own special version of the Mayerling affair—he thinks the Crown Prince was "crowned," in the American sense, with a champagne bottle, and that his paramour thereupon committed suicide. Altogether a queer and rowdy career. What of it?—R. D. T.

"OLD SHIP" by Lennox Kerr (Macmillan $2). This is an excellent short novel dealing with the power of a ship over the men who sail her. The story has to do with one voyage in the career of a tramp steamer, how she called a farm-hand to her service, punished him when he would have deserted her for his sweetheart, and stayed his hand roughly when he would have revenged himself on her captain; and how her commands broke the spells of pride and mutiny and fear which threatened her various servants. Al-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though totally different in style and subject matter, *Old Ship* recalls Kipling's *Ship That Found Herself,* succeeding in the same way in making a vessel into a human creature. The characterizations of the various members of the ship's company are strong and true, and the descriptions of life on board ship and in port are extremely vivid. The story is direct, simply told and enthralling. But Lennox Kerr writes with more gusto than style. Such phrases as "the bo'sun was not a particularly outstanding seaman," although we have gotten used to them in journalistic writing, are examples of carelessness such as a writer of fine, vigorous prose would never permit himself.

"ROUSSEAU" by John Charpentier (Dial Press $5). The sub-title of this biography is *The Child of Nature;* but the jacket of the book shows not a child before its mother but a slave cringing before a goddess who holds a whip. This is the interpretation of Rousseau's character which Mr. Charpentier gives in a thoroughly detailed and very readable narrative biography. The book was received here too late to be given a review. It seems to this reviewer entirely fair as well as extremely interesting. But Mr. Charpentier, although he is too intelligent to blame Jean-Jacques for all the crimes which have been committed in his name, is no Rousseauphile. He says, in his concluding chapter—"The result of a hundred and fifty years of Jean-Jacques's teaching has been a work of death, not a work of life. . . . Whenever an appeal is made to man's instincts, he who profits by them is the savage with the strongest appetites, and the way is opened for the triumph of mob selfishness over the altruism of the few. Only the pick of society ever accomplished anything truly magnanimous or great. . . . Before the time of the author of the *Emile* and the *Contrat Social,* there existed a tradition subordinating material things to the laws of the spirit, and this he destroyed."—F. L. R.

Behind the Blurbs

SIGNORA DA COSTA had nothing on but her jewels when (in *The Crime Coast*[1]) she was murdered in a London hotel. Quite a lot of people thought that Adrian Kent did it, but Paul Ashby, and the clever and criminological painter, Benvenuto Brown, and the attractive Adelaide Moon thought different. They dashed up and down the Riviera and circumvented the plots of the handsome De Najera and the villainous Slosher, and got circumvented themselves quite frequently, what with empty bath salts boxes and carafes used as clubs and so on, but they rescued Adrian. We recommend this one. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Best American Mystery Stories of the Year*[2] is a collection of magazine stories from the *Post, Collier's* and such, written with a few exceptions very close to formula. In nearly every case the plot turns on a clever ruse or trick on the part of criminal or detective. The workmanship is of a very high order. It is amazing what these writers can do with an infinitesimal idea. But we'd like to see more idea and less mechanical skill. The three best are those by Dashiell Hammett, Melville Davisson Post and Frederick Irving Anderson—for these authors have some originality. This isn't to say that you won't like the rest of them. You will. But don't read them all at once, as we did, or the repetition of the formula will weary you. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Adventures of Hawke Travis*[3] is the story of a gambler and gun fighter who, says the author, is still alive. Whether true or not, it is good, exciting stuff, all about gambling, cattle rustling and fighting in the Wild West of fifty years ago. ♣ ♣ ♣ If your cervical vertebrae have occasionally been sore to the touch after reading accounts and seeing pictures of Admiral Byrd's highly publicized activities, *Bird Life at the Pole*[4], a gorgeous take-off on the sort of thing the Admiral does so well, will solace and delight you. It's very funny—and not so much exaggerated at that. ♣ ♣ ♣ In *To the Victor*[5] Captain von Ulm and Prinz von Saxe-Radig both love the same lass. There's a duel, the Prince falls, von Ulm gets safely away, but comes back for the lass. Alas, she is gone, and after a brush with the black dragoons of the Prince's bodyguard von Ulm escapes again. Under another name he has many adventures in and out of the Foreign Legion, in Africa and on the Western Front. This is good undisguised romance, packed with action which ranges from an Austrian garrison town to Togoland. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Whitey*[6], the mad newspaper reporter whom you may have met in that wild Hollywood tale, *Queer People,* comes to New York, has his alcoholic and spectacular ups and downs, falls foul of the police and several sets of racketeers, and after ingeniously rescuing a lady from a Sorry Plight, escaped dramatically under the very guns of the pursuing gangs. Paris, we believe and hope, next stop.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. By Elizabeth Gill: Crime Club, $1.00.
2. Coll. By Carolyn Wells: Day, $2.50.
3. By Eli Colter: Macmillan, $2.00.
4. By Wolcott Gibbs: Morrow, $2.00.
5. By Henry von Rhau: Longmans, $2.00.
6. By Carroll and Garrett Graham: Vanguard, $2.00.

John Galsworthy says,

"Henrietta Leslie, in this novel, has taken the war as it seemed to an English wife married to a German husband with an English-born son. Human and interesting from page to page; broad, just and tolerant; above all, warm and breathing, it makes you think. Yes, it makes you think."

March Choice of the Book League of America

MRS. FISCHER'S WAR

BY HENRIETTA LESLIE

$2.50

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

Puritan's Progress by Arthur Train

A distinguished American author follows the trail of the Puritans from Colonial days to the World War with amazing and amusing results. 477 pages.

$3.50 Scribners

We have our own

MOTHER INDIA!

MASSACRE

by ROBERT GESSNER

This startling book gives an accurate survey of today's American Indian, and constitutes a stinging indictment of the United States' mismanagement of its Indian wards.

Illustrated, $3.50

Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith

139 EAST 46 ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

READ our classified ads for vacation suggestions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

FROM the time Christianity entered the world some nineteen hundred years ago it has been subjected to every conceivable attack. This is just as true today as it was in the days of the Roman empire. One type of attack looms very large just now when the Soviets would eradicate religion fully and completely on the ground that it is always and everywhere a counter-revolutionary force. And this suspicion of religion is not limited to them but is rather general among various kinds of social radicals. For this reason it is highly important that students of religion know something of what religion really is doing for the cause of Labor and social justice. *The Church and Industry* by Miller and Fletcher (Longmans) is a factual study of what the Episcopal Church has done in this field both in the United States and England. It will be a surprise to many to find what energy and devotion have gone into Labor's cause on the part of the clergy. From the days of the Christian socialists in England to the Church League for Industrial Democracy in the United States there is a continuous refutation of the assertion that the churches do nothing in this field. The authors of this volume are entitled to praise for bringing the facts to the attention of the public. It might have been more accurate, however, to have entitled the book *The Episcopal Church and Industry* as it is only that church's activity which is studied.

THEN there is the attack made by modern science and philosophy as these express themselves in humanism and writings of such popular authors as Harry Elmer Barnes. This is the attack which may be phrased in the proposition that the new learning has revealed a world which negates the fundamental teachings of Christianity, a personal God, a future life, and a unique Christ. Scores of books have made this attack but too few have answered it. Yet modern Christians believe it can be answered and in *The Significance of Personality* by Richard M. Vaughan (Macmillan) their faith receives support. Here is an author who is thoroughly familiar with the teachings and trends of modern science but shows how these support and reinforce the personalistic view of the universe which lies at the heart of Christianity. The book is not easy reading, for the subjects dealt with are the deepest the human mind knows, but it is proof that the established truths of science lend themselves just as readily to personalistic interpretation as that of atheistic mechanism. And while we are on the subject of science we are glad to recommend a short book on scientific reasoning and its implications. This is called *The Basis of Belief* (Crowell) and is by William C. Ballantine. In it the author lays bare many fallacies in popular and even philosophic thought, especially as these imply the idea of cause. He comes fully and definitely to the conclusion that the human will is itself a true cause, that human freedom is real. It is significant that this author too is driven to the belief that the personalistic view of the universe is alone sufficient to account for its life and beauty. As he phrases it, "Only an unscientific mind can fail to see in this great universe the self expression of an infinite Personality, purposive, beauty loving, righteous."

BUT religion will not live merely by answering its critics. It must propagate itself by getting its message into the human spirit. No better way of teaching religious truth has been found than the drama. It is well that it is being stressed so much in our Sunday Schools and other religious organizations. The literature in this field is still scanty so that we welcome a recent book *Worship Thru Drama* by Alexander and Goslin (Harpers). Here is a sizeable volume filled with services of worship which stress the dramatic element which may properly be placed in them. These services have been worked out through actual experimentation at Riverside Church in New York and we would emphasize the words of its pastor, Dr. Fosdick, who says in the preface, "We cannot leave to the monopoly of secularism an agency of beauty so able to serve the spiritual life as is drama." However it is only fair to add that few churches will have the equipment and the money to make all of these services practicable. But this book points in the direction of a more extended use of the drama in religion and in that connection one wonders whether sufficient attention has been given to the possibilities of religious teaching to be found in such great dramatists as Shakespeare and Browning. We are prompted to this reflection by a volume called *Shakespeare and World Peace* by Pauline Jennings (Revell) in which the thesis is made, and we believe proved, that Shakespeare was at heart a pacifist who saw the iniquity of war and would convince his fellows that its glory was but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. In bringing this aspect of Shakespeare's writings to light, Miss Jennings has rendered the cause of peace a genuine service. Incidentally she has helped the cause of true religion for it is not to be denied that the thought of the Christian Church is moving steadily in the direction of the Quakers that all war is contrary to the spirit of Christ.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Two Thieves, by Manuel Komroff: Coward-McCann. A simple, intense tale of two thieves who lived at the time of Christ. Reviewed February 11.

Festival, by Struthers Burt: Scribner's. A novel clamorous with life, mellow with reflection; itself a sort of fiesta. Reviewed January 28.

Back Street, by Fannie Hurst: Cosmopolitan. Striking characterizations and heavy sob-stuff in a dramatic story of a rich man's faithful mistress. Reviewed January 28.

Grand Hotel, by Vicki Baum: Doubleday Doran. A fine translation of a German novel, the dramatization of which is Broadway's favored child. Reviewed January 7.

Up the Ladder of Gold, by E. Phillips Oppenheim: Little Brown. Warren Rand, the richest man in the world, tries to secure international peace by buying gold. Reviewed January 7.

Non-Fiction

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

The Science of Life, by Wells, Huxley and Wells: Doubleday, Doran. Science and its relation to life in two volumes. Reviewed February 4.

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

Hard Lines, by Ogden Nash: Simon & Schuster. Riotous light verse, much of which has appeared in the New Yorker. Reviewed January 28.

Lives of a Bengal Lancer, by F. Yeats-Brown: Viking Press. An exciting account of a many-sided life in India. Reviewed November 5.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ The Theatre ◀◀

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

THE news of the week, theatrically speaking, is that Miss Katharine Cornell is again with us in New York. The news would, however, be better and more startling, so far as a small minority of us are concerned, if she were not once again indulging her persisting predilection for the poignantly pathological in her choice of a play. *The Barretts of Wimpole Street,* imported by Miss Cornell from London where it has been causing much discussion for many months, is a play by Rudolph Besier about the Moulton-Barrett family and the efforts of Robert Browning to rescue Elizabeth from the baleful atmosphere created by the head of the family. Along with considerable brains and a dominating personality the father, Edward Moulton-Barrett, is distinguished by hypocrisy and marked incestuous tendencies. He bullies or makes thinly veiled love to the members of his family in such a way that the aptness of the quotation on the program is at once apparent—"Childe Rolande to the Dark Tower came." Apart from the main business of the play, which is the study of this despicable character, there is the subsidiary love story of the interestingly ailing Elizabeth and the hearty and handsome poet.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street, although thoroughly unpleasant in many of its implications, gives the impression of being rather more literate than some of Katharine Cornell's other recent vehicles. How much of this is due to the fact that when two characters in a play represent Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, who we all know wrote some truly lovely poetry, we ourselves are inclined to let our imaginations and memories do some of the playwright's work for him, I am not prepared to state exactly.

Otherwise I am rather puzzled by Miss Cornell's selection of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* to act in. True, she does have a chance to look devastatingly glamorous (I'm afraid that word has been used about her before) and fragile in entrancingly beautiful early Victorian gowns. At the risk of appearing boorish and ungrateful, however, that's not quite enough for me. I still want to see Katharine Cornell play the leading part in a good play. You see, I missed her *Candida.* From her work in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* I'm almost willing to believe she's as good as her fans say. But Elizabeth Barrett is not the leading part of this piece. About this point the direction of Guthrie McClintic has been most obscure. Neither he nor Miss Cornell do anything to make her part more important than it should be. What they do, however, is to remove as much as possible of the morbid fascination that the part of the father could and should have and, therefore, remove much of the point of the play. I am told that in the London production the character of Edward Moulton-Barrett is unforgettable. Here Mr. McClintic has soft-pedalled the abnormalities of the man in his direction, and Mr. Charles Waldron is so monotonous and sketchy in his characterization that one wonders what the play is driving at. For this reason the final scene falls completely flat.

To sum up, it would seem that in their unsuccessful attempt to gloss over the essentially pathological features of the main theme of the play, Mr. McClintic and Miss Cornell have made it neither one thing nor the other.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street is, however, distinguished by the American début of Brian Aherne, who gives us a brilliant portrayal of the young Browning, and the first appearance on Broadway, except as an understudy, of Margaret Barker, whose performance is a sure indication of future success. She has beauty, charm and, apparently, intelligence. Joe Mielziner has also done another of his astoundingly atmospheric settings.

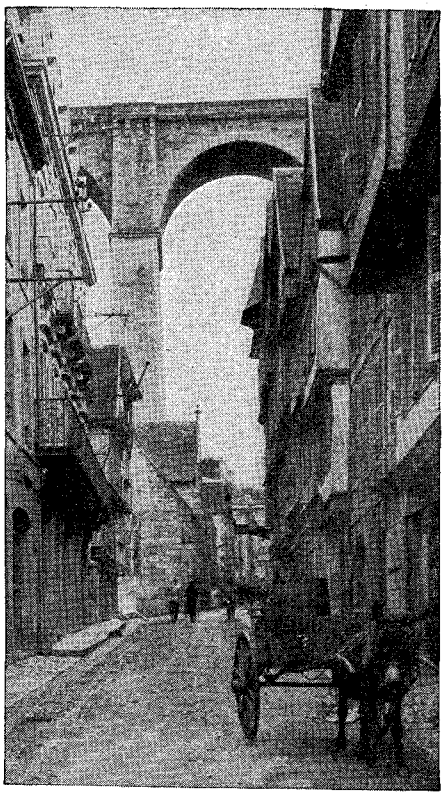
Recommended Current Shows

Ballyhoo: W. C. Fields makes up for the deficiencies in tunes.
Civic Repertory: Always worth a visit. Miss Le Gallienne offers varied fare.
Elizabeth the Queen: The Lunts in Maxwell Anderson's historical drama.
Fine and Dandy: Fast nonsense with Joe Cook.
Five Star Final: Thrilling and affecting melodrama with Arthur Byron.
Girl Crazy: Most of the song hits are in this one. Yes, they're by Gershwin.
Grand Hotel: Fine acting in an effective play from the German.
Mrs. Moonlight: Nice blend of sentiment and humor.
Oh, Promise Me: Rough, raucous and broad farce.
Once in a Lifetime: Spoofing Hollywood.
On the Spot: Edgar Wallace thriller about Chicago.
Philip Goes Forth: Uneven George Kelly but better than many others' best.
Private Lives: It looks easy, but why has no one but Noel Coward done it?
Sweet and Low: Fannie Brice, Jim Barton and some nice songs.
That's Gratitude: Clean, homely and funny Frank Craven comedy.
The Green Pastures. Beautiful negro miracle play.
Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Philip Barry's best serious play well acted.
Vinegar Tree: Mary Boland as a ridiculous middle-aged romantic.

France

Where one sees everybody from home and the rest of the world

Normandy of apple blossoms . . . Chartres Cathedral with the loveliest windows man ever made . . . crypt of St. Gervais at Rouen and birthplace of La Salle, the discoverer of the mighty Mississippi ▼ Picturesque Brittany with its clean little inns . . . Dinan where Anne of Brittany's castle is still to be seen . . . Rennes, the ancient capital with its Palais de Justice and museums ▼ The Chateau country with the smiling valley of the Loire . . . Chaumont where Catherine de Medici lived; and Benjamin Franklin made his home during a mission to France . . . Ambroise with its St. Hubert's chapel holding the remains of Leonardo da Vinci . . . Angers and the famous tapestries of the Apocalypse ▼ Poitiers with its Baptistére St. Jean, the oldest Christian church in France ▼ The million-dollar air of Biarritz with the pounding Bay of Biscay for a background ▼ Bagnéres de Luchon high up in the Pyrenees with its famous baths and smart hotels ▼ The Roman theatre at Arles with its granite obelisk that Constantine brought from Egypt ▼ The snow-tipped Alps . . . hillsides of flowers climbing forever . . . little, lost churches with clouds for their door-mats . . . Mont Blanc, the loveliest and loneliest peak in all the world.



Information and Literature on request

RAILWAYS OF FRANCE

General Representatives

INTERNATIONAL WAGONS-LITS, 701 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. *OR ANY TOURIST AGENCY*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Movies

"Trader Horn"

by CREIGHTON PEET

HERE is romance for you, real romance—not sticky mugging by a pair of cute children, but a romance of menacing jungles, roaring lions, rivers swarming with crocodiles, and shrieking black savages ruled by a white goddess with beautiful golden hair. Improbable, possibly, but you must ask old Mr. Alfred Aloysius Horn, the South African tinware peddler who told his story to Ethelreda Lewis, about that. The fact remains that the film *Trader Horn* has some first-rate excitement and some handsome photography. Harry Carey, the familiar movie actor, portrays Trader Horn in his younger days—at the time when he and Peru (Duncan Renaldo) went in search of Nina (Edwina Booth), the "mysterious white goddess" who had been brought up from birth by savages. A good portion of the film was made in Tanganyika in Central Africa, where director W. S. Van Dyke spent many months with a large crew, sound trucks, studio lights and a refrigeration plant to keep the film from going bad.

How much of the picture you see in the theatre was later made in Hollywood I cannot say, but many of the shots are unquestionably authentic, and many more are exciting enough to be convincing. Searching for the white goddess the two white men and the black gunbearer (played by an African gentleman named Mutia Omoolu), come upon a remote village where the natives are having a celebration in which they crucify their victims upside down and stick them full of spears. Escaping this they encounter four lions fighting over a kill, a number of bad-tempered rhinos, and more yelling savages. *Trader Horn* hasn't much plot, but it has lots of excitement and some fine sound pictures of animals.

Worth Seeing

The Blue Angel: Moving tragedy with Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich.

Cimarron: Early days in Oklahoma with plenty of action and adventure. From Edna Ferber's novel, and fine stuff it is, too.

City Lights: Charlie Chaplin both convulsing and pathetic, with emphasis on the pathos.

The Criminal Code: Walter Huston as warden in a real penitentiary, and no funny-business.

Finn and Hattie: Mitzi Green and Jackie Searle are immensely amusing. The rest of the film is routine.

Little Caesar: Edward G. Robinson gives you his idea of Chicago's Big Boy Al.

The Royal Family: Frederic March is swell in a none too gentle satire on the Barrymore family.

Tom Sawyer: Jackie Coogan, as Mark Twain's illustrious little boy, is still getting his fence whitewashed for nothing.

"Inspiration"

It is beginning to look as though we members of the G.F.P. (Garbo For President) club would have to do something drastic about getting stories worthy of our lady's charms and talents. *Inspiration* is another cheap affair on the *Camille* pattern, with Greta Garbo as a notorious Parisian artist's model who falls in love with an excessively innocent young man (Robert Montgomery). After things have been going on some time his family produces a young girl of good family for him to marry. Finally Greta very nobly sacrifices herself and goes out alone into the snowstorm (no kidding). Comrades of the G.F.P., we must unite. Solidarity forever! Greta Garbo is the screen's foremost actress as well as its most fascinating personality—and yet her films are usually just so much trash. The fact that she is as alluring as ever in *Inspiration* is no excuse! The lady deserves better treatment!

Other Films

Stolen Heaven: In many scenes the exquisite Nancy Carroll makes this seem much better than it is. As a matter of fact the story about a street-walker and hold-up man who go to Palm Beach to enjoy a few days of luxury before they die is melodramatic and showy to the point of being silly.

By Rocket to the Moon: The first half of this silent UFA film is a fascinating account of the launching of a gigantic "space rocket" going to the moon. The Germans know how to make machinery dramatic and exciting. The scene of the last half is laid on the moon, and is pretty bad.

Millie: Cheap drama about cheap people of the all-men-are-beasts school. God, how we women suffer, and suffer, and *suffer*. Sobbing by Helen Twelvetrees.

Dracula: Bram Stoker's old horror story about blood-sucking vampires, bats, wolves, coffins and such. Probably as well done as possible, but not very terrifying in the year 1931.

The Royal Bed: Not a bed in it—Robert Sherwood's amusing and flawlessly moral play *The Queen's Husband,* given a new title simply because Radio Pictures thinks you and I are that kind of people.

Scandal Sheet: George Bancroft as a tabloid editor who uncovers a love-nest featuring his wife and best friend, and prints the story, too. Sloppily written and carelessly directed, but good in spots.

The Girl from the Reeperbahn: This story (all in German) of a lighthouse keeper who is nearly lured away from his wife by a siren washed up out of the sea seems to be immensely popular with German-speaking audiences.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

DARK MOMENTS IN A DARK JUNGLE

Peru, Nina, Trader Horn (Harry Carey) and Renchero face a charging lion with clubs and spears in the film "Trader Horn"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

▶▶ Ivory, Apes and Peacocks ◀◀

By W. R. BROOKS

FOR the kitchen is a small incinerator which can be kept near or under the gas stove. It uses gas, radiates very little heat, and is connected by an ordinary stove pipe with the flue. Costs installed somewhere around $42.

Also for the kitchen, a chopping bowl cut out of a solid square block of wood, so that an inattentive chopper won't distribute the contents over herself and the floor. It's easy to clean.

▶▶ THERE's a new combination reading glass and flashlight called the Firefly which is swell for reading maps in your automobile, or for looking for phone numbers, or any one of the well-known thousand uses. It has a little bulb in the handle which throws the light down on the page, and which gets its power from a small battery in the handle.

▶▶ THE Electro Company of Long Beach, Calif., makes an electric outboard motor which will run three hours from a single charge at a speed equal to fast rowing. Or you can have a special propeller made that will go faster. A storage battery, they tell us, doesn't just lie down and quit all at once when it gets weak, but will keep running for a while at reduced speed before it expires. This company also makes an electric motor buoy, for use by life guards, which pulls you along through the water and can be steered through the heaviest sea. You hold on to the handles and control it like a motorcycle.

▶▶ DID we ever tell you about Skour-Nu? Well, believe it or not, it's a cream cleaner, very useful for cleaning carpets and upholstery, which you rub on with a brush until it lathers, then rub off with a clean cloth. And it leaves no ring. You can clean your hands with it, too. And in that case, again, it leaves no ring.

▶▶ IF YOU'RE kind of tight about soap, and like to use up the last crumbs of every cake before you break out a new one, there is a rubber sponge which has a slit into which you can slip said crumbs. Then as you use it, in either tub or dishpan, it gives off lather.

▶▶ CIGARETTES that light when you scratch them—and don't taste bad afterward—are now on sale. There's a substance the secret of which Messrs. Du-Pont are guarding closely, and this substance is somehow applied to one end of the cigarette, so that when you rub it on an emery board it lights evenly. Good for yachtsmen, motorists, or anybody who likes to stand around in the wind. And the name is just as silly as you'd expect. It is—tee he!—Dawn Beacon Lit. Yes it is. Honest.

▶▶ "WHAT makes that sandwich look so queer?" said files on parade.
"A touch of green, a touch of green," the color baker said.
"But won't it disagree with me?" said files on parade.
"Oh, not at all, no, not at all," the color baker said.
"For us bakers got together—we were sick of pure white bread,
And we mixed some colors in the dough, blue, yellow, green and red,
And you'll see these rainbow sandwiches wherever folks are fed,
For they're selling colored loaves now down at Macy's."

Also at Abraham & Straus', but we couldn't get that in. Please note, too, that the word "blue" above is poetic licence—is added to give color, as 'twere. They haven't made blue bread yet, although there is, we are told, a harmless blue food dye on the market.

▶▶ FOR solitaire maniacs there is a book out giving instructions for playing fifty solitaire games, many of which were new to us. The instructions are clearly given as a rule, though in one or two places the rules seemed a little confused. Or perhaps it was us. Anyway, what if they are confused? You can consider that as part of the game.

▶▶ ON, or about to be on, the market is a device which you can attach to your radio and set so that it will turn on the station you want at the moment you want it. Figure out what programs you want to hear, set the indicator, and go back to your book, dishpan or pillow. At the appointed hour on goes the program. You can also use it as a sort of musical (or pedagogical) alarm clock, setting it for a program at 9:30, or whatever hour you wish to rise.

▶▶ AND there is a wicker bar for porch or lawn use—a cylindrical affair, breast high, which splits in two, revealing shelves, bottle, glass and ice containers, a hook for the bar towel, and two stools. Very neat and portable, a sort of Flying Inn of a bar.

Gramophonia

Notable New Recordings

THESE things seem to go in cycles, if not in fads. For years Jan Sibelius has suffered completely unmerited neglect at the hands of both program and record makers in this country. Well, there is a definite and perceptible movement under foot to correct all that. Columbia started it with their splendid issues of Sibelius' First and Second Symphonies on which I have already commented here. Now Victor appear with two less formidable but hardly less interesting tone poems by the Finnish master—*The Swan of Tuonela* on two sides of a single twelve-inch disk, played by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra[1], and *En Saga,* on three twelve-inch sides, rendered by an anonymous Symphony Orchestra, recorded in Europe under the direction of Eugene Goossens[2]. The fourth side of the latter records is used for another recording of Sibelius' hackneyed *Valse Triste,* not nearly so well done as the earlier one by Stock and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Both *The Swan of Tuonela* and *En Saga* are representative of Sibelius at his most nationalistic and individualistic, and are to be recommended especially to those to whom the price of the symphonies seems a bit steep but who want excellent examples of the work of a great contemporary composer for a smaller outlay of cash. The Stokowski record is especially well played and recorded.

Victor also sponsor a new album set which has been long awaited with a certain impatience by admirers of the composers and their most famous executant. My reference is to the orchestral arrangement by Maurice Ravel of Moussorgsky's piano suite, *Pictures at an Exhibition,* played by Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra[3]. Ravel's work was done at the suggestion of Koussevitsky, and ever since the latter played it in 1923 it has been an enduring favorite both with the conductor and his audiences. All I need to say is that the recording is all that it should be to do justice to all concerned.

A popular dance number rhythmically played by an orchestra comparatively new to disks is *I've Got Five Dollars,* from *America's Sweetheart,* coupled with *We'll be the Same,* from the same show[4]. The band is Emil Coleman's. Look out for the *Five Dollars* ditty. It has a most engaging lilt that sticks and sticks in one's ear. O. C.-T.

1. Victor, 7380.
2. Victor, 9925-6.
3. Victor, Album M. 102.
4. Brunswick, 6035.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Subscribe Now to

OUTLOOK
and Independent

•

The editorial structure of the OUTLOOK has been designed to accomplish two things: To present a spirited, readable magazine, edited with vigor and insight—and to discuss those subjects which are the intelligent and practical concern of the most influential people in this country.

The OUTLOOK has an open mind. We, and consequently our readers, believe in healthy inquiry. We want to know the temper of our time and to bring to the surface the undercurrents of contemporary life. If you are interested, fill the coupon below.

OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT
120 East 16th Street, New York

DEAR SIRS:

Please send the Outlook for one year. Find enclosed five dollars.

(M. O.) (Check)

Name .....

Address .....

▶▶ Prose and Worse ◀◀

WHEN I've been dead for fifteen years or so,
And you've grown old and bent and —maybe—wise,
And no man looks desire into your eyes
Nor any longer thinks you lovely,—so
Lovely as you now are,—nor casts your way
A glance, except of pity, you'll look back
Upon today, and smoothing down the black
Silk over your rheumatic knees, you'll say:

"I didn't love him much, but he was kind
And dear, and he loved me, and now he's dead
And I remember only that I said
I'd gather no roses unless I could find
The perfect rose.
—There is no perfect rose.
I know that now. That's wisdom, I suppose—"

. . . . .

In a soda fountain two young men were sitting—
Prohibition agents. They were drinking milk.
Diamond rings and stick pins they wore, as was befitting.
Both had fur overcoats. Their underclothes were silk.

"Brother," said one, "a plot most sinful
I have discovered. A plot to get us stewed,
To make all prohibitionists appear to have a skinful;
To fill us with alcohol and have us interviewed.

"Hark to my tale, brother. I been gettin' thinner.
I'm not a well man. Can't sleep nights.
Can't enjoy my breakfast, my luncheon, or my dinner.
So I got a specialist to set me to rights.

"First of all the specialist puts me on a table,
Pokes me and tickles me in spite of my protests,
Punches at my stomach as hard as he is able:
'Nothing wrong here,' he says; 'We'll have to make tests.'

"I kept nothing from him. He peeked in my inners,
He took X-ray pictures and watched the wheels go round,
Made me swallow little tubes and go without my dinners.
'Well,' says I at last to him, 'Doc, what have you found?'

"All he said was this: 'Eat six raw raisins,
Six raw prunes tonight before you go to bed.
Come here in the morning; take no other rations.
Then we'll see.'—That was all he said.

"Raisins and prunes! His words set me thinkin'.
I caught the whisk of the Rum Demon's tail.
What's the main ingredient of all this booze they're drinkin'?
Raisins and prunes, brother, sold by the bale.

"Put 'em in my stomach? Leave 'em there fermentin'
All night long alone? No, by gum!
This was a plot the rum hounds were inventin'
To spoil my reputation and make me out a bum.

"This was a plot to get me full of licker—
Brew it right inside me, all against my will.
Don't you hear the doc, in the mornin', how he'd snicker
When he'd call reporters in to see the human still?

"He'd have it on me; he could easy prove it—
Pump me out and show 'em I had brewed my own.
Ain't they the limit, though? You'd think they'd be above it.
Why can't they let an honest guy alone?

"Now when I see a man gnawing of a raisin,
Nibbling of a raisin, chewing of a prune,
I see what's comin'. It sets my anger blazin'.
They'll all be makin' their own hooch inside 'em pretty soon.

"There won't be no more confiscatin' barrels and cases.
We can't make a livin' if we've no stuff to sell.
As salesmen we'll be two spots where we used to be aces.
I tell you what, brother, it's goin' to be hell!"

Down their gullets went the milk—gubble, gubble, gubble.
Up they rose and buttoned their big fur coats.
But their air was dejected; their faces lined with trouble.
The rum situation had got both their goats.

. . . . .

A gentleman signing himself "Anon." —we do hate anonymous letters— writes: "A dual personality such as yours is sure to betray itself in print. In your Jan. 28 column you proclaim the significance of the unimportant; on the very next page you speak of a combination lighter and calendar, and ask: 'Who wants to know what the date is when he is lighting a cigarette?' Sir, the use of this gadget is obvious. For the man whose doctor has ordered him to smoke only one cigarette a day, to turn it ahead to tomorrow on lighting up, and so check that impulse; for the man who boasts of smoking over a package a day, to keep score."

Well, we admit these possible uses. Also several others: for the man who wants to write a check in the dark; for the man who wants to know, before putting the key in the door, whether he is getting home Saturday night or Sunday morning. And so on. Yes, we were wrong.

Just the same, for the man who smokes only one cigarette a day—doctor or no doctor, by gosh!—as for the man who writes anonymous letters, we have the most profound loathing and contempt.

. . . . .

SOUVENIR

Having returned yesterday
From a six weeks tour of Egypt
With a trunk full of valuables
Of that ancient region,
I was most disconcerted today
By a window poster
On Forty-second Street
Imploring me to buy
An Egyptian ash-tray
For a souvenir of New York.

JAMES G. WHARTON.

But Mr. Wharton,
This seems to us a charming example
Of reciprocity or something,
For ourself did once buy
In Cairo
A prayer rug made in Germany
As a souvenir of Egypt.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Saved

WHEN he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out what was left of the money, he knew it was all up with him. For there was just enough to buy his ticket home.

If there had been less than enough—well, naturally he wouldn't have thought about going home. If there had been more than enough, he wouldn't have thought about it either; he could have gone right on making whoopee. But there was something about just that exact amount of money that was arresting—something stern, that looked him in the eye and laid a hand on his shoulder. "You come along with me," it said. And he walked soberly to the station. He climbed aboard the train and stared with burning eyes at the slow unrolling of the landscape. He had been a rotter. Yes; but he was going home and make a clean breast of it. Even now he was probably on his way to jail. The thought gave him back some of his self-respect.

He wondered suddenly why so many people had seemed to want to save him? There must be something about him—And he guessed there was. He guessed maybe he asked for it. Somewhere he wanted to be saved from—from himself, he concluded. And saw himself all in a moment as two people struggling with each other, pushing each other this way and that; the good one crying, "Save me!" While the other one—He began to think about his wife.

She probably had married him to save him. And now, when he got home and told her she'd cry; but she'd approve of him. She'd say that he was right to make a clean breast of it. As for his boss—but he didn't like to think about his boss. His mind skipped back to the other boss, the one that had had him arrested because he had stolen a miserable hundred dollars. Well, he guessed that old bird had got his all right. He'd never forget the look on his face when a stranger had stepped up and paid him the hundred out of his own pocket, and offered the thief a job as well. Yessir, that old bird had looked sort of sick. As for the new boss—But he began to think about his wife again. She'd say that he was doing right to come home.

The train stopped finally and he got out. He walked along briskly with his head up; through the station and down town towards home. When he reached it he ran quickly up the stairs and opened the door of the flat with his latch key.

Sure enough, she was there waiting for him. She was sitting at the kitchen table staring at the wall, and when he came in she turned her head and looked at him.

"Well," he said uneasily, because he hadn't expected her face to be so white, "Well—I ain't a ghost."

She got up holding to the table. "A detective was here," she said. "He's coming back."

He was a little hurt at that, and felt upset somehow. "Well?" he answered. After all, she hadn't seen him for two weeks.

"You never could have done it," said his wife in a strained, unnatural voice.

"Done what?" he demanded, aggrievedly.

"Not after what he did for you—Not after him taking it on himself—and paying out the money—and giving you the job—"

"Done what?" he shouted at her.

"You never walked off with the thousand he gave you for the bank?"

"And what if I did?" he went on shouting. "Ain't I come home to make a clean breast of it."

She ran close to him and caught him by the coat. "Where is it?" she cried. "That's what the detective wants to know."

He shook her off. "How do I know? I blew it. How do I know?"

She opened the door quietly enough. "Goodbye," she said, and hesitated. "He said he'd be back," she warned him, and was gone.

He sat down where she had been sitting and stared at the wall she had been looking at, and felt his heart burst with anger. He had come home to make a clean breast of it, hadn't he? All right, he'd sit here till the fellow came—he'd—

At the sudden knocking on the door he turned his head, remembering that somewhere behind the detective was his boss; he would have to see his boss. And all at once he was no good again. He knew at last he was no good. He jumped up wildly and closed the kitchen door, then let the gas pour from the kitchen stove.

When he opened his eyes, eternities later, a grim face stared back at him.

"I busted in the door finally," said the detective, "an' I guess I got to arrest you. But"—he added in a burst of triumph, "I saved you all right!"

Luxury Lane
WELCOMES YOU TO
EGYPT
and the HOLY LAND
The New Liner
Excalibur
Sailing March 25, 1931
Calls at
Marseilles, Naples, Alexandria
Jaffa, Haifa, Beirut
This superb ship, which you should see if possible, offers a new, higher attainment in comfort at sea. With veranda decks, staterooms all outside and all first class, modern beds, unexcelled cuisine and many other desirable features, the round trip rates are very attractively priced from $600 on this new Luxury Lane way to the Mediterranean.
Secure particulars from your agent or write us.
AMERICAN EXPORT LINES
THE EXPORT STEAMSHIP CORP.
Dept. 201 25 Broadway, New York
Chicago—209 S. LaSalle St.
Boston—126 State St.
Detroit—2001 Industrial Bank Bldg.
Philadelphia—Bourse Bldg.
Baltimore—Keyser Bldg.

$250 EUROPE
Price includes round trip ocean passage, transportation abroad, hotels, meals, sightseeing and tips. Itineraries to every country in Europe. Write for free booklet, E107
THE TRAVEL GUILD, Inc.
180 North Michigan, Chicago
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

SHORT STORY WRITING
Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today.
THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 58. Springfield, Mass.

SOUTHAMPTON HOSPITAL
School of Nursing
Southampton, L. I. 8-hour day. 2½ year course-monthly allowance $15. Scholarship prizes. Ideal living conditions. Requirements 2 years High School. Write school principal for information

George Washington Picture Mills

(Continued from Page 299)

by the commission appear many reproductions of works of art relating to Washington or his family. They have been invariably described in a most unscholarly manner, without reference to essential facts, and many of them are of highly dubious historical value. If the commission really wishes to distribute pictures which shall be good and inspiring likenesses of the hero it wishes to honor, if it does not wish further to befog a situation already quite foggy enough, there should be a most rigorous reconstitution of the portrait committee.

All of this may serve likewise as a warning to collectors and would-be collectors of Washington portraits, to whom only one piece of advice need be given. Before you buy anything, except from an acknowledged specialist, insist on its examination by a man who thoroughly knows the subject; if you do not, nine times out of ten you will be fooled without even the satisfaction of knowing that any one has deliberately fooled you.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't you often want to refer to past issues of OUTLOOK?

•

Do you have occasion to refer to the past reviews of music, the theatre, the movies, books and art? Can you always remember the trend of business and finance? Has it ever occurred to you that exclusive of the OUTLOOK'S general articles, the boiled-down news in the Trend of Events spins out modern history? All this information can be collected and preserved for handy reference in this binder—built to hold 26 copies of OUTLOOK. Fill in the coupon below.

•

This handsome binder is made of dark green leatherette, strongly and durably built to insure long usage.

You can quickly and easily insert your copies of the OUTLOOK as they come to you each week, gradually building up a valuable reference volume covering six months of the OUTLOOK or twenty-six weekly numbers.

By purchase in quantity we are able to supply these binders to OUTLOOK readers at a nominal cost. We have provided them as a service and not for profit. Send this coupon with only $3.15 and your OUTLOOK binder, securely packed, will be sent to you by parcel post, prepaid and insured.

Simply Send in the Coupon

The Outlook Company
120 East 16th Street, New York

Gentlemen:

Please send me by parcel post, charges prepaid, my New Outlook Binder (to contain twenty-six numbers). I enclose $3.15 in full payment. If I am not thoroughly pleased I will return the binder at your expense and my money will be returned.

Name .....

Address .....

P. O. .....

If you prefer, pay $3.15 to the postman on delivery

An American Workman in Russia

(Continued from Page 297)

story of what the Soviet Union is planning to do with certain key machines. In America in 1929 about 48,000 combines were operating on American farms. The Soviet Union now has either building or completed four large combine plants, which when operating on their scheduled production will turn out 52,000 machines a year. The state plan calls for 70 per cent of the grain harvest to be done by combines within five years. When it is realized that each machine does in twenty days the work which approximately 175 peasants did in a month and a half, one can realize not only how ambitious are the state plans, but one also can gain some idea of the wholesale upturning of the lives of peasantry, whose main occupation during all the ages of history is now coming to an end.

In contrast to the ambitious plan, are the difficulties under which the factories are laboring. In this plant, for example, I believe that there were just two men who had ever before seen a combine operating. The chief engineer of the combine section had never had any experience with combines, but was an expert on threshing machines. It was a common sight at the beginning to see workers in the assembling division carrying around parts of whose purpose nobody had any clear idea. Then when it became common knowledge where every part went, it was found that a great number of them were improperly manufactured. For example, frequently the drilled bolt holes would be found to be a sixteenth of an inch out of the way. Accordingly, as much time was spent hunting for parts and reaming out holes as was spent in the actual work of assembling.

The enthusiasm of the workers was contagious. Their conditions of life were fairly hard, but they realized that, once this plant was running on an efficient basis, it would be a most important unit in the building up of Communism in the country. I remember that on one day after four hours of work we had a poor meal. I noticed that one worker tried to eat one mouthful and then pushed away his plate. He noticed that I was watching him and immediately turned to me and said:

"Times are hard just now, Comrade United States,"—(this was my title when they didn't know my name)—"but you just wait a few years, then we'll be feeding on beefsteaks."

I thought this was pretty good enthusiasm on an empty stomach. The slogan at present which one sees ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First

SPECIAL REAL ESTATE SECTION

What to Buy—Where to Buy

HOMES—ESTATES—FARMS—RANCHES—REAL PROPERTY

FOR SALE, RENT, OR LEASE

Connecticut

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y. Commodious 8-room cottage completely furnished, electric light, running water, 3 acres woodland, shore. Will rent for season. JAMES T. KEMP, Orange, Conn.

20 ACRES WITH WATERFRONT, high land, trees, brook, for sale between New London and Saybrook. Nice for summer homes. Box 306, New London, Connecticut.

New Hampshire

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.
Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished for rent and for sale. Write booklets. **Sargent & Co., New London, N. H.**
Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

Maine

PEMAQUID HARBOR, MAINE COAST. Furnished cottages for rent, 2 to 8 rooms. $75 to $350, season. Tennis, golf. E. WHITEHOUSE, 154 Central St., Somerville, Mass.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR MAINE. For Sale 12 room modern house on harbor front, in first class condition. Large lot with 200 ft. shore front. Fine unobstructed view of entire harbor. Would make ideal summer home. Address F. M. COOK, 4 Union Court, Bath, Maine.

CAMDEN, MAINE. Furnished cottages for rent. Camden and vicinity. Let us know your needs. Most beautiful town in New England. See our new Park system. George E. Allen, Realtor.

Maine

BRIDGTON, MAINE. Equipped camp for boys or girls for lease. Beautifully located on lake shore. GEORGE H. LARRABEE, 614 Clapp Building, Portland, Maine.

Massachusetts

DAVISVILLE, MASS. FOR SALE—Exceptionally attractive seven room summer cottage. Built 1926; shingle construction. Tastefully furnished; completely modern. Beautiful living room with fireplace, kitchen, maid's room and bath on first floor. Four bed rooms and bath on second floor. Two-car garage. Two acres of land. Just two blocks to beach. (Davisville is located between two inlets from Vineyard Sound.) Three miles to Falmouth. Convenient harbor at Falmouth Height or Waquoit Bay. Woodland location on dead-end street accentuates feeling of remoteness. Price $8,000. Further details FRANK T. GORMAN, Princeton, N. J.

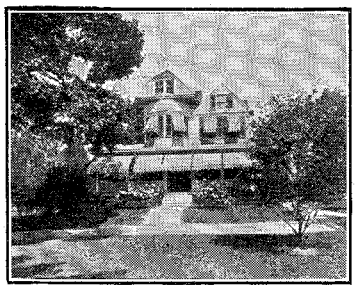
North Carolina

TRYON, Box 576. Attractive housekeeping apartments. Furnace heat. Sunny exposure. Piazza and sleeping porch. Quiet locality. Meals furnished if desired.

New Jersey

REAL LOG CABINS
Experienced Maine Log Cabin builders will erect large or small cabins anywhere at low cost. Logs furnished if necessary. Photos, descriptions and actual cabins shown. For information write to R. MORTENSEN, Blairstown, N. J.

New Jersey



YOUR OPPORTUNITY
in a
Real Residential Region
Heirs, to settle estate, offer a bargain in a real home of ten rooms—bath and maids' rooms additional. This residence is located within the New York 30 mile zone (New Jersey) with easy access (about ½ mile) to railroad and bus terminals and community center. Elevation about 300 feet above sea level.
Excellent churches, splendid schools—public and private—modern stores and a goodly number of Fraternal and Civic Organizations. An unusual feature—terms will be adequately arranged to meet the requirements of any interested home lover of the right type.
Address—B. P. RICHARD, 56 Water Street, New York City or telephone Whitehall 4-8617.

Rhode Island

FOR SALE—ROCKVILLE, RHODE ISLAND 60 acre farm with ½ mile frontage on Wincheck Lake in Rhode Island hills. Over 100 feet above sea level and within ½ hour's drive of Atlantic Ocean. 9 room farm house in fair condition. Attractive location for boys or girls camp or for summer homes. Entire property for sale at $6,000 or in sections to suit purchaser. For information or pictures concerning this or shore property at Watch Hill and vicinity, address, S. H. DAVIS, Realtor, Washington Trust Building, Westerly, R. I.

Vermont

WRITE L. D. SHONYO, Lyndonville, Vermont, for the booklet, **"Beautiful Lyndonville,"** and a photograph and description of **"Shadolawn,"** a comfortable country home.

SALE OR RENT—30 rooms; modern village property near Canadian border. Desirable as home or tourists place. Address OWNER, 189 High St., Portland, Maine.

2nd Real Estate Issue

March 25th

For complete information and detail write —Real Estate Dept., The Outlook, 120 East 16th St., New York.

hibited in many public places is, "To Catch Up To And Surpass America." Frequently, when we would improve our system in the plant, some worker would come up to me and say: "Look how we are catching up to and surpassing America."

I should judge that the chief weakness of the factory was to be found in the management. The workers could not have been more loyal or interested, but the management was lacking not only in experience, but possibly also in the knack of handling men. It would make the mistake, for example, of calling workers' meetings and urging the men to greater efforts, when it was evident that production was being held up not by lack of interest on the part of the workers, but simply by an inefficient organization of the work.

Rather an extraordinary production scheme was tried on one occasion. It was announced by an engineer at the workers' meal hour that the plant might find it difficult to pay the men their full wages in view of the fact that so few machines were being produced to date. On the first pay day following this announcement, the men were actually paid about 15 per cent of their wages. I noticed that one worker, who received about fifteen rubles, went straight to the post office and sent ten of them to his wife, who lived in another city. I asked him how he expected to live for two weeks on five rubles. His comment was that if he became seriously embarrassed he was sure that the management would pay him something. On the next pay day we got about a half of our wages. I began to wonder what really was happening behind the scenes, and so discussed the matter with one of the managers. He let me in on the secret. He said that this was just a production scheme, that wages were being held back in order to impress upon the men the relation between wages and production. I was surprised that the workers were not especially agitated by this little educational measure.

In view of the fact that I was the only foreigner in this plant of 5,000 workers, I was looked upon as a curiosity. At my last meal with the workers it was announced that I was leaving the plant. Immediately there were questions and resolutions. One man rose and asked me what I would do after I returned to America in case the American government should declare war upon the Soviet Union. My reply that I would never fight the interests of the working class, whether Russian or any other nationality, met with approval. Then another man wanted to know if I was going to join the Communist party of America upon arrival in the United States. My reply to this was that the first question was whether I would be acceptable to the American party. Then one man jumped up and offered a resolution, which was unanimously carried.

"I move," he said, "that our foreign comrade carry the proletarian greetings from the workers of this plant to the workers of America."

Racing Bobs

(Continued from Page 304)

control over the pace and direction of the bob, their weight contributes to the speed of descent. They aren't dead weight either, since they must synchronize their body motions with those of the driver and brakeman. On curves the crew leans backwards and toward the inside of the track—away from the bank crest. On straightaways each man but the skipper may sway forward and backward in unison—leaning back slowly and then returning smartly to the vertical—a process exactly the reverse of the fore-and-aft swing in rowing. In sledding this synchronized propelling motion is called "bobbing." It helps accelerate the speed following a sharp curve which may have retarded the bob sleigh.

If a girl is a member of a bob sled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crew she should sit behind the driver, as this is the safest place. Normally, however, the heaviest man gets the number 2 position, where his poundage has the greatest effect.

Other things being equal, weight wins bob sled races. There is no such thing as excess baggage amidships. The heavier your two middle men are the better. It is significant that the lightest man on the winning team at Lake Placid this month weighed 185 pounds. Two of the Saranac Red Rovers were well over the 200-pound mark.

Since extra weight means more momentum we may yet see the slapstick spectacle of bob sled skippers combing the circus side-shows for thyroid freaks. It doesn't seem fair that mere blubber should be at a premium.

Mr. Geier is sponsoring a crusade to limit the weight of crews. "My present Swiss team may have to be reconstructed by replacing the two middle men with human whales if we are to stand a show in the Olympics," he declared. "Skill at helm and brake still count, but beef on the hoof now plays a disproportionate rôle."

At last the fat man has found his sphere in athletics but that fat must not be concentrated about the heart. Bob sledding is hard on the ventricles!

The Bad Boy of the Marines

(Continued from Page 294)

000 hotel and the corner speakeasy." Not so long ago at Quantico he refused to permit his men to enter the town until it was cleared of bootleggers, but when the Mayor drove off the illicit gentry, Butler marched his force into the village with colors flying and bands playing.

"You birds," he told his men in explaining his order against passes to Quantico, "took an oath to support the Constitution when you entered the service. Now, don't let it stun you, but the Eighteenth Amendment is a part of that Constitution."

Few officers in our military forces would permit themselves to address their men as "you birds," and fewer still would dare the cynicism a buck private feels toward those who indulge in mock heroics about their oath and the Constitution. With General Butler, however, such a juxtaposition was quite characteristic, especially his reference to the Constitution. There is in him a strong Quaker strain, despite his record as a fighter. It derives from both his paternal and maternal sides. On the former it sprang from a shipmate of William Penn aboard the Welcome, and on the latter from a branch almost equally distinguished—the Darlingtons.

From their quiet home at West Chester, Pa., where he was born in 1881, he went to Philadelphia upon the sinking of the Maine in an effort to enlist in the National Guard. But the officers knew of his father's views with regard to his sixteen-year-old son, and rejected him. It was only through the connivance of his mother that he was able to make a trip to Washington to enlist in the Marine Corps. Contrary to popular anecdotes that he ran away, she accompanied him, waited on a veranda across the street while he signed up, and then the two walked arm-in-arm down the street to bump into the father. There, with some sadness, "Old Tom," as he came to be known years later as chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee, agreed that Smedley might become a professional fighter.

He was immediately shipped to Guantanamo, where he became frightened at native bullets and "homesick," and later assigned to the pacification campaign in the Philippines. Again he heard the whine of bullets, but it was not until the outbreak of the Boxer rebellion that he saw real action. He was in the relief expedition that marched to raise the siege of Tsientsin, and there he first showed the bravery that has marked his career. In the face of hostile fire from thousands of maddened Chinese, he crossed open ground to rescue a comrade who had been wounded in the leg. With four others he carried the disabled man seventeen miles, now and then dropping him as they ran back to empty their guns at the steadily advancing enemy.

"Our column was a mile ahead of us," he said in describing the incident, "and Carter begged us to leave him in the mud. There were 5,000 Chinese, and if they'd rushed us, they could have finished us. But three of us carried him, while the other two kept running back and shooting at the natives. We swore that 'by God, we'd stick to Carter till hell froze over,' and we finally got him to safety."

The privates got the Congressional Medal of Honor, but Butler, then a lieutenant, was denied one because officers were not permitted to accept them in those days. A few months later, for the same reason, he lost a chance for a Victoria Cross for which he was recommended because of his courage in carrying a Britisher off the field near Peking. The compliment was soon returned, for a captain of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers picked him up outside the city after he had been wounded in the leg. Inside Tsientsin during the guerilla warfare beyond the walls was a young American named Herbert Hoover, but the Marine and the future President neither met nor heard of each other.

After China he served in numerous campaigns and expeditions in Panama, Honduras, Nicaragua, and other Central American countries, and thus he happened to be on hand at the taking of Vera Cruz. With only a walking stick for weapon he advanced through the center of streets swept by snipers' fire so that he might better direct his men's operations. Recklessness it may have been, but, as he explained, it was the best place from which to get a picture of the hostile alignment and positions.

As the United States and Mexico neared war, Butler was chosen to go to Mexico City to ascertain the strength of the enemy forces there, to map the railroads and highways leading from the coast to the interior, and to pick up any other useful information. Accompanied by a private and a sergeant, he danced along the route, armed only with a butterfly chaser's net.

"Because we studied rocks and I carried a net," Butler later explained, "they thought I was a nut and let us by."

In Mexico City he drank with Huerta, escaped detection, and prowled about the Castle of Chapultepec itself. It is suspected that he did more spying than was necessary for the sheer adventure of it. On his chest was tattooed the Marine emblem, and had he been caught, it would have been certain discovery and death. For this feat he received a Congressional Medal of Honor.

As a member of the expeditionary

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in The Outlook of February 21, 1951

"I began flying in 1929," said the president of the Detroit Aviation Society, which disbanded last week. "There were thrills in the sport then. Now that heavier-than-air craft are foolproof, I intend to look elsewhere for excitement."

The Comptroller of the Currency pointed out that there have been no banking failures since 1946, when all the banks of the nation became linked together in four chains.

"Harmless Absurdities in Literature 1870-1945"—in the February, 1951, Bookman—listed a number of books still occasionally read for their unconsciously a m u s i n g qualities. Among these are "Clarissa Harlowe," "English as She is Spoke," "The Young Visiters," Rudy Vallee's "Vagabond Dreams Come True," and Masters' "Lincoln, the Man."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook and Independent Classified Section

The rate for Classified Advertisements is 60c a line, minimum 4 lines. "Help and Situations Wanted" advertisements 10c a word and small charge for box number. Material should be in this office 13 days prior to publication date of issue in which advertisement is to appear.

For further information write The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., New York City

HOTELS AND RESORTS

Connecticut

OVERLOOK FARM, Cannondale, Conn. High altitude, Artesian well, every modern improvement. A restful home for paying guests.

New York

HOTEL LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations. Good meals. Write direct or Outlook and Independent Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

ADIRONDACKS FORDWAY CAMPS AUGER LAKE
For Gentiles. New attractive furnished housekeeping bungalows, located on large tract of land for exclusive use of our guests. Boating, bathing, fishing. Season $150 to $300 including garage, ice, firewood and rowboat.
Mace & Nichols **Keeseville, N. Y.**

New York City

THE GARDEN SPOT
67 West 44th St. between 5th & 6th Aves.
Luncheon Dinner
Facing North Side of Hippodrome

Hotel Judson **53 Washington Sq. New York City**
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, MANAGER

Vermont

PAYING GUESTS FALL AND WINTER. Vermont farm, attractive all year climate, excellent table, every modern convenience. Near Troy and Albany. One mile from village, charming home atmosphere. 1401 Outlook and Independent.

TOURS AND TRAVEL

EUROPE
SELECT TOURS from $695
Cabin Class Steamship Included
VACATION TOURS from $340
Bermuda-West Indies-Steamship Tickets
Transatlantic Tours
452 Fifth Ave. New York

PHYSICIAN (experienced) and wife (nurse), highest personal, professional references, would accompany elderly couple, convalescing patient, south or abroad, for expenses. Address Strong, 16 St. James Place, Brooklyn.

EUROPE by private automobile, 57 days $720; 46 days $625; 40 days $525. Complimentary trip for securing small group.
Rail tours at moderate cost—54 days $590; 68 days $695. Write for particulars.
ARGONAUT TOURS
551 Fifth Avenue **New York**

BOARD

EXCELLENT ACCOMMODATIONS ARE offered to elderly persons, invalids, chronics, or one looking for homelike surroundings. NURSES CARE NURSING HOME 217 Elm St., New Rochelle, N. Y. Phone New Rochelle 7560

SITUATIONS WANTED

POSITION wanted by healthy efficient adaptable middle-aged graduate nurse. Terms reasonable. References. 9545 Outlook and Independent.

POSITION desired as companion, nurse or housekeeper. References exchanged. 9623 Outlook and Independent.

SITUATIONS WANTED

COMPANION — Southern college woman widowed, Protestant, desires position. Have also had experience in practical care of invalids. References. "R," Outlook and Independent.

COLLEGE WOMAN seeks opening in department store. Selling experience. References. 9630 Outlook and Independent.

COLLEGE GRADUATE—Man with three years teaching experience, wishes position as companion or tutor with person going abroad. Would also consider other position offering travel. 9631 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION or tutor (male) in family going abroad. 9632 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION—Well-bred woman, graduate nurse, genial, pleasing personality, to man or woman of education and wealth. 9593 Outlook and Independent.

REFINED CHURCH WOMAN—widowed—desires position as Nurse-Companion. Speaks English, French and German. Can do parish work. References given and required. Address C. W., 301 Outlook and Independent.

COMPANION. American woman desires position with elderly lady going abroad. 9620 Outlook and Independent.

FRENCH GOVERNESS (Paris) of very good family desires care of children. Can give French lessons. Very good references. Post Office Box 236, Boston, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOUR HOROSCOPE, CAREFULLY DELINEATED. Full information sent on request. Established 1900. F. HYATT SMITH, Ph.D., Box 102, Buffalo, N. Y.

POEM "IF"—by Rudyard Kipling. Printed on beautiful card. Decorative; suitable for framing. 25c each. 1445 Outlook and Independent.

PUZZLE PARTY CARDS—"Rattler" 12 Cross Word Puzzle blanks and key card. 25c per set. 1447 Outlook and Independent.

MART OF THE UNUSUAL

CHESS & CHECKERS
Best and most beautiful Checkers made for Backgammon. Get price list.
C. H. BIRD, **BETHLEHEM, CONN.**

BOOKS

HAVE YOU A STORY FOR THE TALKIES? Accepted any form. Criticism, development, revision, copyright, marketing. Write now for free booklet without obligation, HOW TO WRITE FOR THE TALKIES! DANIEL O'MALLEY CO., Suite "O," 1776 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THE ROSICRUCIANS—FACTS NOT FICTION: who and what they are according to history and their own inner teachings; literature mailed on request. PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING CO., Beverly Hall, Quakertown, Pa.

CATALOGUES FREE. FIRST editions, rare books, fine sets, Americana miscellaneous. Schulte's Book Store, 80 Fourth Ave., New York City.

THE BOOKS YOU CAN'T GET ELSEwhere may be read for a nominal fee. Members throughout the United States have access to a large collection of rare, scarce, out-of-print, strange and curious books; limited, privately printed editions and unexpurgated translations. Please state occupation or profession when writing for information and lists. ESOTERIKA BIBLION SOCIETY, INC., Dept. F 4, 45 W. 45th Street, New York City.

PROTECT YOUR BOOKS—the real book lover treasures his books. His own book plate, or "Ex Libris", is a high sign of appreciation as well as the best protection against loss. Write for catalogue of beautiful plates—special designs of any character made to order. Address C. D. REIMERS BOOK PLATE COMPANY, Box 0, 319 W. 13th Street, Fort Worth, Texas.

---

force to Haiti, Butler continued to win glory and medals. When a small band of natives inside Fort Riviere, an old French bastion loopholed for rifle fire, checked the American advance, he volunteered to attempt to breach the walls. Selecting a sergeant and a private again, and asking for a score of volunteers, he led the dash and accomplished his objective. In the recommendation that won him another Congressional Medal of Honor, General Tony Waller, who commanded the expedition, said:

"Two men entered the fort ahead of him, doing so to prevent him from being the first. Theirs was devotion to him, while his action was devotion to duty. The assault inside the fort was made by twenty-three men with the knowledge that no quarter would be given them."

At Panama he routed a force of 2,000 that opposed his party of fifty men by a display of humor and strategy. Although his detachment was surrounded, and the natives had their guns aimed at him and his men, he cakewalked up to their commanding officer, wrenched his mustachios with one hand and poked his pistol in the general's ribs with the other. Thus disadvantaged, the enemy commander called off his troops—and the war—for the moment.

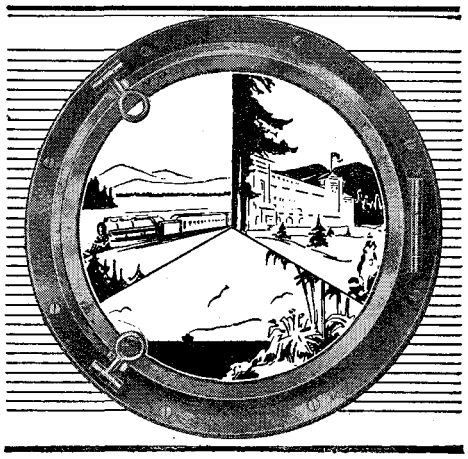
Butler was serving as Military Governor of Haiti when the United States entered the World War, and despite his pleas at Washington, he and his Thirteenth Marines found it difficult to get overseas. One reason, undoubtedly, was that his work as a pacificator and sanitary engineer had been exceptionally effective. At last, however, the day came to sail, and his regiment, flaunting its unlucky number, shipped thirteen black cats aboard their vessel. It may be that John J. Pershing never heard of this defiance of fate, and that army superstitition was not responsible for the orders sending Butler to Brest in command of the camp at Pontanezen. Whatever the reason was, he missed any action in the World War, but, like a soldier, he performed his job well. Every doughboy who passed through Pontanezen early in the war, and again on his return home, can testify to the transformation he effected there.

Still a young man, he is known to entertain political ambitions. As Director of Public Safety at Philadelphia, it was thought that he might make himself available for the nomination for Governor on the Republican ticket, and he was frequently mentioned in that connection. Now, there are rumors that he may soon quit the Marine Corps to seek the nomination for the Senate in 1932, and there were those who anticipated that the martyrdom of a court-martial sentence might aid him in such a campaign. Certain it is that his political philosophy as set forth in an address to an American Legion post several years ago would make him as marked a man in the United States Senate as he has been on the battlefield.

"It's all damned nonsense that a soldier should not hold public office," he said. "Where would the country be but for the soldiers! The politicians in the big cities do not want soldiers to hold office. Oh! Yes! There's a reason. They know that a soldier has been trained to do what he is told. They fear a soldier in office may do many things that he has been told to do by the people who elected him."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



South of the Line

Just to list the ports of call on the way down to Australia wakes memories of those gallant captains, Cooke and Bougainville, whose adventures in the Pacific helped to open up Hawaii . . . Samoa . . . Fiji . . . Tahiti . . . Raratonga . . . New Zealand. ¶ Fame of the beauty and grace of the Polynesian people has been spread by masters of literature and art, by "R. L. S.," Melville, Gaugin, and many others. ¶ Volcanic mountains towering abruptly form a contrast with the luxuriant tropical vegetation at their feet—a setting worthy of the haunting charm of the native races and never forgotten by travelers South of the Line. ¶ For details and information on Tours and Travel consult Mrs. Kirkland, *director* Outlook Travel Bureau.

OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

120 E. 16TH ST. NEW YORK

With Our Readers

Al Smith for President

To the Editor: *Bristol, R. I.*

SIR—The comment in your issue of February 11th relative to Senator Copeland's projection of the Smith candidacy for the presidency next year calls for reply.

I actively supported Governor Smith four years ago. I had two reasons, aside from the obvious one of his especial fitness for the presidency. I supported him because he was a wet and because he was a Roman Catholic.

I sympathize with you fully in your campaign for the repeal of the present prohibitory legislation. I think the issue is of tremendous importance. But I think it of no more importance than the issue of religious discrimination in politics. Both of those battles must be fought, and it seems to me that we might as well fight them both at once.

Certainly to reject Governor Smith as the wet candidate, because he is a Roman Catholic is to dig one hole to fill another. Please be firm in your liberalism and remember that the fight for liberalism is one fight.

REV. A. R. PARSHLEY.

Birth Control or War

To the Editor: *Palmerton, Pa.*

SIR—Some time ago a friend said to me "What sort of magazine is this OUTLOOK you talk so much about? Is it religious and what is its politics?" I replied, "I haven't been able to determine the editor's political party or his religious belief. He is just impartial in his discussions of religion and politics."

In his letter printed in your issue of February fourth, John J. Cabrey, Jr. does not share my opinion. He objects because you wrote that splendid editorial, "The Encyclical on Marriage." He speaks of birth control as if it were a fad, soon to be forgotten. That he should connect that movement with Fosdick and modernism shows how little he really knows about the subject. It is as likely to be forgotten as woman's rights or child welfare movements.

Mr. Cabrey commends you for your stand for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. He evidently has an open mind on that subject. Perhaps he has wondered how so many people can be so blind to the failure of prohibition. I believe that the same force which makes good Protestants protest against repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, makes Mr. Cabrey and good Catholics protest against birth control.

I speak with all respect when I say that good Methodists and good Catholics are very much alike. I believe that many Methodists resent your comments on Clarence True Wilson. All good Methodists must fight for prohibition because their Church has decided prohibition is right. All good Catholics must fight birth control because the Church says it is wrong.

When we read the History of the Christian Church we can understand why the faithful Church member is submissive to the heads of the Church. For centuries the people dared have no independent thought lest they lose their heads. The minds of Christians still feel the effect of that mental slavery. Gradually but surely that veneer is breaking away. As a result we have education, emancipation of the slave and woman, child welfare movements and birth control.

War has one use. It helps to keep down the population. We hope the time will come when there will be no more war, when there will be less suffering, when a better, nobler, stronger race will develop through the sane, wise use of birth control measures.

ABBIE LEH.

Masaryk and Benes

To the Editor: *Cedar Rapids, Iowa*

SIR—I have been a reader of the OUTLOOK for some time and always, even when I did not agree with the articles published, enjoyed reading it. In your January 28, 1931, number there is an article by T. R. Ybarra which contains inaccurate and altogether superficial information on President Masaryk and Edward Benes of Czechoslovakia. In the first place President Masaryk was never in prison. He left Bohemia at the beginning of the war in 1914 and was a professor at Kings College, London, until he went to Russia, was there during the revolution and came back to the United States by way of Siberia and Japan, went to Washington and thence to Prague direct. In spite of his years he is wonderfully youthful and full of energy and I am sure he could teach, in spite of his age handicap, our American statesmen what service to your country consists of. Mr. Benes was in Paris, London, Switzerland, etc. during the war and not at President Masaryk's elbow.

The trouble with our American writers is that they visit a country two weeks, get the "high spots," see some prominent people, and at once think they are qualified to write on political, financial, industrial, educational conditions of a country whose language is Arabic to them and of whose cultural qualifications they know about as much as I of the moon.

DR. R. WISTEIN.

Bouquet

To the Editor: *Forth Worth, Texas*

SIR— . . . . There is no magazine like yours in the field that it covers, and it is refreshing in an age when thought itself is so often brutal in its expression, to find scholarly dignity and poise coupled with high courage on great questions.

SIDNEY L. SAMUELS.

Profits from Exports

To the Editor: *Del Rio, Texas*

SIR—We learn from the essayists and their critics the source of the present world depression. It is that there are not enough foreign markets to go around to keep the countries of the "first class" employed. Exports are falling off to an alarming degree. Lack of export business is the cause of the depression. I agree with that.

The source of the woes of all the countries of the first class is a common source, for they are all tarred with the same stick. Likewise the source of all the prosperity of them is the same—export business.

Thus we find the economic power and wealth and independence of these nations is based upon the economic weakness and poverty and dependence of customer nations. The big country is the country with the big machine.

The customer peoples have quit buying from without. Are they over-stocked? Are they conducting a boycott, maintaining a campaign of purposeful under-consumption with a view to lowering prices abroad? Are they going without? No.

The customer nations are reaching out for independence from those who waxed rich "by reason of their costliness." They have discovered the key to economic freedom—manufacturing machinery. What they are not ordering from abroad they are making at home.

They are emancipating themselves from dependency upon the nations of the first class, merely by stepping up into that class, as Japan did. This is the meaning of the five-year plan in Russia. In proportion as they machine themselves, so will they cease to be markets or dumping grounds for the excess production of others.

It is very certain also that they will loyally support their own home markets.

With enough manufacturing machinery operating in those countries, which we call foreign markets, to supply "home consumption" there will come total stagnation. It has begun.

Each new industry added, and each old one mechanically modernized by the foreign customer, means wealth to him. He will realize the benefits of employing his own cheap labor, of saving transportation expense, etc., and he will find out from the receipts of industry just how much his friendship was worth to the salesman-countries of the "first class."

He is not likely to sympathize with those who supplied him when he understands that he has been the source of all their prosperity, and he has made them what they are (whatever that may be).

It may be "more blessed to give than receive," but the blessings of nations are their prosperity, and their prosperity must come from *receipts*. When these fall off as they are now doing, and "no man buyeth their merchandise any more," "there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

International trade is suffering from a sickness called machinery-in-the-hands-of-the-other-fellow; and it is sickness unto death. When the saturation point is reached, so that the other fellow can make just enough to supply himself, that point is the end.

W. J. MCGIBBON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED